California Historical Society Quarterly

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION

Charles L. Camp, Chairman

Robert E. Cowan C. Templeton Crocker Francis P. Farquhar

Mrs. W. E. Purdy Carl I. Wheat

CONTENTS

PAGE

A Frenchman in the Gold Rush 3
Translated by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur from the Journal of Ernest de Massey

James Clyman, His Diaries and Reminiscences 44
(Continued from Vol. IV, No. 4)
Edited by Charles L. Camp

Old California Market, San Francisco 85
H. D. B. Soulé

Emma Frances Dawson 87
Helen Throop Purdy

Reviews and Notices 88

Meetings of the Society 93

Amendments to the By-Laws 101

New Members 101

In Memoriam 102

Vol. V, No. 1

March, 1926

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Incorporated March 6, 1886

Reorganized March 27, 1922

OFFICERS

C. Templeton Crocker, President
Robert E. Cowan, First Vice-President
C. O. G. Miller, Second Vice-President
Sidney M. Ehrman, Third Vice-President
T. W. Hubbard, Secretary and Treasurer
Dorothy H. Huggins, Corresponding Secretary

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Anson S. Blake
Charles L. Camp
Robert E. Cowan
C. Templeton Crocker
Boutwell Dunlap
Sidney M. Ehrman
Francis P. Farquhar
T. W. Hubbard
George D. Lyman
C. O. G. Miller
E. J. Molera
Mrs. W. E. Purdy
H. D. B. Soulé
D. Q. Troy
Carl I. Wheat

COMMITTEE ON EXHIBITIONS

Fred. M. DeWitt, *Chairman*
Anson S. Blake Wells Drury Elizabeth W. Latham
D. Q. Troy Charles B. Turrill

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICITY

H. D. B. Soulé

Voyage en Californie

1849 et 1850

Par Ernest de Massey

En rade de San-Francisco. Californie le 23 Xbre 1849. Dimanche

On voit dit on quelquefois des pépites d'or de 20 à 40 livres. C'est possible, mais jusqu'à présent la plus grosse que j'aie vue, de mes propres yeux vue, et touchée de mes mains, elle grosse comme le poing, et pesé 40 onces. C'est un fort joli coup de poche, elle ressemble à un morceau de métal coulé dans un trou de rocher. La poudre d'or qui est la monnaie la plus courante, pour les payments dans le commerce ne ressemble ni à du gros ni à du fin sable, mais bien à du gros son pour la forme. Sa couleur comme celle de l'or mat, est jaune bronzé et mat d'once et generalement accepté pour 16 Dollars, un peu moins que sa valeur intrinsèque; ajouté

Title and signature in the handwriting of Ernest de Massey. Portion of page 226 of the MS. Journal.

VOL. V, No. 1 MARCH, 1926

California Historical Society Quarterly

A FRENCHMAN IN THE GOLD RUSH

Translated from the Journal of Ernest de Massey

FOREWORD

The Journal of Ernest de Massey has been offered to us for publication through the kind offices of its translator, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Wilbur. The manuscript from which the the translation was made is the property of the Los Angeles Public Library and was purchased by them from the Torch Press in 1908. At some previous time it had been through the hands of a French dealer. This manuscript is a copy of de Massey's original journal, which he carried about with him while in California and mailed to his relatives in France at intervals during the first years of his sojourn. We have no knowledge of its previous publication, in any form.

The script is a fine even hand apparently not that of the author, and there is a statement, attached to the first part of the copy, which shows that the author left out certain portions of the original and that the copying of this part was completed in the year 1881, when the copyist was living at Langres. The leaves are bound into a single volume of four hundred and eleven pages (200x260 mm.) and provided with a binding of recent date, in half imitation morocco with marbled paper sides.

The journal is divided into six sections with headings as follows: I—"From Hâvre to Rio de Janeiro," pages 1-83; II—"From Brazil to Peru, via Cape Horn," pages 83-185; III—"From Callao, Peru, to San Francisco," pages 185-221; IV—"A Winter in San Francisco," pages 221-263; V—"Savages, Mines, and Misery [in the Trinity and Klamath River Placers]," pages 263-357; VI—"From San Francisco to San José and the Peninsula," pages 357-411.

Although the entire narrative is of the greatest interest in view of its intimate style and the illuminating glimpses it gives of the life of the period, lack of space forbids our making use of the extended account of the voyage. It is proposed to print the other sections of the Journal from time to time. For this privilege we are indebted to the Los Angeles Public Library through its Librarian, Mr. Everett R.

Perry, who has kindly extended every facility to Mrs. Wilbur and to us.

The asperity of de Massey's remarks upon some of the men and women of his day might have been softened by the omission of names but the mellowing effect of time has made such mutilation of the narrative seem unnecessary. It is obviously impossible to check up the accuracy of all observations on the character and personality of individuals. We can only undertake to set down what is written and leave the rest to the best judgment of the future. Despite possible failings and weaknesses of certain ones, the French in California, and especially in San Francisco, left a fine heritage in their early development of Art, Architecture and the Theatre, in their restaurants and in commercial activities, in all of which they should take a well justified pride.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

INTRODUCTION

News of the discovery of gold in California, news that was flashed around the world in the spring of 1848, inaugurated a general exodus from the far corners of the globe to this new El Dorado. Ships flying the flags of every nation—English, French, Spanish, South American, and a host of others—were soon sailing the high seas, bound for the remote and alluring land of California.

Among them sailed many French vessels loaded down to the bulwarks with gold-seekers who left by the hundreds not only to fill their depleted coffers but also to escape the harassing political, social, and financial problems that were rife in France at this period.

The majority of these French emigrants belonged not to the lower classes—the French peasant clings primarily to his own soil and is not naturally nomadic—but to the intelligentsia; they were mainly younger sons of the nobility, lawyers, doctors, bankers, scholars, and political free-thinkers rather than men of brawn and muscle. Unsuited to the arduous life of the gold-miner and the hardships of the California placers they soon drifted back to the cities. These were the men who formed the nucleus of the French colony in San Francisco and who, despite their inbred clannishness, contributed materially to the intellectual, social, and commercial growth of that city.

One of the younger sons of the French nobility who joined the gold rush to California was Ernest de Massey, a member of a well-known family who had lived for many generations at the Chateau de Passavant on the Upper Saône River near the Swiss border. In his youth, de Massey had prepared for a military life but had later

abandoned this career to become a glass-manufacturer. This venture proving unsuccessful he then tried agriculture.

It was in an effort to recuperate the losses sustained in these two unfortunate ventures that de Massey decided to join the migration to California. With him came his cousin, Alexander Veron, and Pidaucet, a jack-of-all-trades who was to act as their workman.

During the seven months' voyage out and for more than a year after he landed in California de Massey kept a journal which was sent home at regular intervals to his relatives in Passavant, describing his experiences at sea, his impressions of South American ports, and his life as a pioneer in the new and remote El Dorado. The journal ends when de Massey after a seemingly endless chain of vicissitudes finally became a resident of San Francisco in the early fifties. Here he remained for some five years, returning in 1857 to his home in Passavant.[1]

Ernest de Massey's journal opens with his departure on May 21, 1849, from Hâvre on the brig *Cérès,* that carried a full passenger list of emigrants bound for California. On July 25, the *Cérès* put in for water and provisions at Rio de Janeiro, remaining there two days. Heading south and safely rounding Cape Horn in a gale of sleet and snow the ship then made a safe and pleasant passage up the west coast of South America to Callao.

From October 3 to October 31 the *Cérès* rode at anchor in Callao harbor. This lengthy stay gave her passengers ample time to visit Lima and browse about the surrounding country—a visit that de Massey describes vividly and succinctly in his journal. Then, taking on freight, fresh provisions, and additional passengers, the *Cérès* headed north again arriving early in December off the coast of California.

MARGUERITE EYER WILBUR.

[1] De Massey engaged in business as a bookdealer. His name first appears in Parker's San Francisco directory for 1852-3,—"E. De Massey & Co. French and Spanish library, 117 Commercial St." In Baggett's directory of 1856 the firm is listed as,—"E. de Massey and Finance, 126 Montgomery st." After that year his name does not appear, and a note attached to the MS. indicates that he returned to France during the next year.—*Ed.*

[THE JOURNAL]

[A Portion of Part III, Addressed to His Brother, Captain Aimé Marie Louis Adelstan de Massey]

[Entering San Francisco Bay]

Tuesday, December 14, 1849.

After passing a bad night, at eight in the morning we again heard the cry "Land." This time it was not a myth but a reality. The weather had been perfect. Only about ten hours from the coast we were just passing the Farallones, and heading for the harbor. But before we had time to get our bearings, fogs, rains, and squalls came down on us, veiling the coast from view. Forced to tack, we were afraid, nevertheless, of going on the reefs and rocks.

Our situation is even more critical than it was yesterday, the wind being more violent. Had this lasted two hours longer we might have had serious trouble; the *Cérès* might have gone down and all perished. But luckily at two o'clock a rift in the clouds gave us a chance to head for a point that Captain Rey—who had assumed command through this critical period in place of Messmaker though he is only a sub-officer and representative of the owner—thought to be the entrance to the harbor.

Just as we were making for this point which all the sailors on board said was the right entrance I overheard a conversation, carried on *sub rosa* between the two Captains, which indicated clearly that Captain Rey was not certain of his bearings or of being on the course; that it was only a guess on his part, and that anything was preferable to going on the rocks for, if doomed to perish, it was better to die under full canvas.

Notwithstanding, he has not given up hopes of making port safely and, in spite of such fears and premonitions, he is outwardly cool and collected. The seeming assurance with which he issues orders inspires confidence both in the crew and passengers. No one suspects the danger of our position. I have not breathed a word of what I overheard and though I feel far from composed yet I keep my worries to myself. I am prepared, however, for whatever may happen. But I take my hat off to Captain Rey who throughout the voyage has acted like a first-class mariner. He is energetic, always ready, loyal, sympathetic, and far above his present position. While the owner has made him Junior Captain yet he is ably qualified owing to his long experience to be senior officer. Under the present trying

conditions Messmaker would probably have lost his head and his ship. The courage and cool-headedness of Rey has saved us all and we cannot be too grateful to him.

Though only 4:30 it is now nearly dark. We are passing through the narrow entrance, only one and one half kilometers wide, which opens into Golden Gate Harbor. On both sides of the entrance rise picturesque hills covered with pastures where a few sheep, unguarded even by dog or shepherd, roam at random. On the right shore are discernible some stunted green oaks; on the distant mountains looming up far ahead of us are thousands of resiniferous trees forming great forests.

Goat Island, the largest island in the bay [!], is not prepossessing in appearance, its vegetation being very scanty. A few scrawny trees on the northern end afford the sole shelter the goats, for many years the only inhabitants, could find. The smaller Bird [Alcatraz] Island, with its green summits, is well named, to judge by the flocks of feathered creatures who congregate here at sundown.

Carrying light canvas we came slowly down the bay, passing, off our port, the anchorage of the warships. Among them a French gunboat rode at anchor. Off starboard about a mile away in a southerly direction we could faintly make out the masts of the ships anchored below the village of San Francisco. Sudden squalls bearing down on us kept the breeze stiff and the seas rough enough to send us along at a merry pace toward our anchorage.

Little by little the bay opened up before us and, across the forest of masts, we caught a glimpse of the village with the emigrants' camps pitched on the sloping hillsides which overlook the bay, ocean, inlet, and the peninsula on which San Francisco rises. Two years ago this spot was almost a wilderness. Now, it is crowded with wooden and sheet-iron houses of every kind, shape, and description, and with tents of every color forming an amphitheatre. These house a population of adventurers, vagabonds, bankrupts, refugees from justice, merchants, deserting sailors, gamblers and vagabonds who have no home or country. Interspersed among them are some honest men, workmen, and speculators, who have come here from all over the world. This is what we see about two kilometers ahead of us — a great city in the making.

Around us ride three hundred ships or more which have arrived or are just arriving, from all over the world. After unloading cargo, being unable to procure freight or sailors, they are forced to lie here idle through the winter season. Today the fourteenth, at 5:30 P. M., the *Cérès* dropped anchor.

It is now night and the panorama stretching out before us is sparkling with lights for several kilometers just as if every star in the heavens had been seized with the gold-rush fever and had migrated to the coast of California. This evening all these lights in the city, as well as those from the ships in the harbor, reflected in the waters of the bay, seem to have a supernatural and magical air about them —a welcome diversion after the trials and tribulations of the voyage.

This evening after finishing dinner the officers of the *Meuse,* a ship from Hâvre which belongs to the firm owning the *Cérès,* came on board to greet us. As their ship has been lying here for three months they are thoroughly familiar with local conditions. They told us many things which sounded so extraordinary that I was inclined not to believe them.

A house, or rather a wooden shack in a good district, so I am told, rents for 3500 piasters [Mexican dollars] (17,500 francs) a year. Eggs are worth 40 fr; a bottle of wine—and what we have here is most mediocre—from 5 to 8 francs; bread is 2 fr. 50 c. for a loaf weighing 14 ounces. Meat, the most reasonable commodity, as animals are plentiful in this country, brings from 90 c, to 1 fr. 20 c. a pound.

Wood for a shack 28x11 ft. is priced at 10,000 francs. Interest charges for money, securities, or mortgages, are at the rate of 6% a month. A canoe sells for 2000 francs; a visit from the doctor costs one ounce of gold-dust or 80 fr. Wholesale prices are much lower. Retail prices would not be so inflated except for the heavy warehouse charges, and the cost of labor and money.

At the placers, given the right season and perfect health, the average amount of gold panned per day is said to be one ounce. However, supplies are more costly than in the city. The cost of moving one ton 20 leagues beyond here costs twice what it does to ship it from Hâvre to San Francisco. A good carpenter or merchant is paid, according to the local rates, from 50 to 80 francs a day. The smallest amount possible to live on per day, excluding wine, is one piaster. An axe selling for 2 fr. 50 c. in France, is sold for 15 francs in San Francisco; this seems too good to be true.

New placers are opened up every day, gold being found in practically all the mountainous regions along most of the rivers. Evidences of it are seen on every hand. Purses are emptied and refilled as easily and with as much indifference as if these conditions would last forever. Often in less than 24 hours gambling houses, cafés, and restaurants will absorb a large or small fortune some miner has spent

months in accumulating. But yet he returns gayly to the mines hoping to make another stake—which is always a gamble.

Such is the picture the officers from the *Meuse* paint of this fabulous country we have just adopted. And I am reluctant to think they have been fabricating these tales just to play on our credulity. But now that we are actually here, tomorrow and the next few days will prove whether their information is correct or false. Right here I may say that if any of you are astonished at these statements I am giving, the joke is on you. If any palmist had prophesied this strange adventure of mine twenty-five months ago I would have passed it off as absurd, and advised him to consult a brain specialist.

With all the Arabs and Moors you have over in Algeria you ought not to lack astrologers. Some day when you are looking for amusement have one of them read your horoscope and predict the results of my sojourn here in this land of nuggets. These are the dates of the main events of the voyage. On my birthday, June 1, we met an English ship, the *Caroline,* which, having run out of biscuits and water, was forced to get help from the *Cérès.* On July 25, St. Christopher's day, we stopped at Rio Janeiro. On August 28, St. Augustine's day, and the birthday of my brother Ormand, we rounded Cape Horn. On Dec. 14, the birthday of my other brother, which fell on Wednesday, we reached San Francisco. A superstitious man might see something mysterious in these coincidences. To me they seem odd. This is why I am mentioning them and pointing them out to you.

Anchored off San Francisco, Sat., Dec 15, 1849.

After dinner the customs' officials came on board and stationed one of their men on our ship. Finding that a French boat was leaving for shore we took advantage of this opportunity to go over to the city. Local skippers charge from one to two piasters per person, the distance being about two kilometers.

The rays of the setting sun lighting up the amphitheatre on which the budding city surrounded by underbrush and green pastures stands made an impressive picture as we were crossing. The present site could easily hold from three hundred to five hundred thousand inhabitants with ample chance for unlimited expansion southward. No doubt in due season, as wealth and commerce multiply, all the temporary wooden structures will be replaced by stone houses, hotels, palaces and public monuments. When this happens the panorama seen from the crest of Bird Island will be one of the most scenic in the world. But this will take at least half a century. There is a short-

age of fresh water, however, and no one knows how or from where it can be brought into the city.

At noon the boat deposited us not on solid ground, but in the mud and slime which is everywhere. There is no quay, and only one or two landing-places for the ships. The streets, which are amply broad, cut the city up into right angles. Close to one hundred houses are being built a month, which are immediately rented. Scores of immigrants live in tents in the neighborhood waiting for more comfortable quarters. Comparatively few houses are built of brick. The most imposing edifices are two-story wooden structures painted in bright colors. Several are even elegant on the outside and luxurious within. But only millionaires are able to afford such luxury.

All the business streets are teeming with activity. In fact they seem as active as any in Lyons or Paris. Over here, however, the men seem more businesslike and in a greater hurry; loafing is an unknown quantity. During the day every one plows knee-deep in mud through the lower streets which get the heaviest travel for this is where the banks, consignment houses, and the important commercial establishments are located. All are bent on acquiring business and social prestige regardless of their qualifications and trying to amass the fortune which always is just within reach, but invariably intangible and evasive.

In the midst of this babel you can distinguish the jargon of many languages. Ask a question in English and your reply may be in German; if you speak in French you may perhaps be answered in Spanish, Italian, Russian, Polish or Chinese. This would be amusing if it were not such a handicap. However, those who can speak three languages, English, French and Spanish, can make themselves understood anywhere.

My first trip was to the post-office for news from home. After having been deprived of this for more than seven months it is an unspeakable pleasure to get word from relatives, friends and acquaintances. My trip was not in vain. I found a letter from you, my dear Adelstan, written from St. Hyppolyte and dated August tenth, one from Ormand, written on the fourteenth, and a third from my old friend Alphonse de Laboullage, of June fourteenth, sent from Hâvre. In it he mentions sending on some papers which have not reached me yet.

The standing population of San Francisco is computed at approximately fifty thousand. This number is doubled if all the floating population living in tents, ships, and even in all-night gambling houses is added. These latter establishments which invariably adjoin

cafés are surprisingly numerous and are popular as all-night resorts where patrons drink, gamble, and even go to sleep on the couches as the mood strikes them. Most of the *cafés-chantants* employ an orchestra and singers.

Croupiers even offer to their patrons, free of charge, anything they like in the way of food or drinks. This is done with an ulterior motive—and the trick is usually successful. Such a place is rented to a proprietor at the customary rate of $30,000 to $40,000 (around 200,000 francs) a year who in turn sublets all the room he can dispose of at so much an hour. This new tenant in accordance with his tastes and capital establishes roulette, monte, thirty-and-forty, baccarat, etc., paying in proportion to the amount of space he uses, from $50 to $100 an evening, and acting as banker if he chooses. However, he must have at least $20,000 to $30,000 before even attempting to run a bank.

The more piles of gold there are in evidence the more the passion for play is excited. With this end in mind a group of capitalists often form a company and pool their capital, some of their members acting as decoys to the inexperienced, others keep an eye on the players who are apt to be numerous. It is a game where trickery and treachery are constantly pitted against inexperience and the gambling fever which seems inbred in human nature. This is how cliques assumed to be civilized make colossal fortunes and gain the whip hand. Though immoral and reprehensible, yet such is the case.

At Anchor off San Francisco, Sunday, Dec. 16, 1849.

Last evening fourteen of us hired a boat to take us off to sleep on the *Cérès,* but the sea was so rough, the night so black, and the currents so against us that the sailors who were rowing could not get beyond the *Georges,* a ship just out of Hâvre. The captain took us on board with generous hospitality and offered us supper, but, owing to a shortage of bunks, we had to spend the night dozing on chairs and benches.

The sea is still running high today; this combination of winds and currents makes the ships strain and drag their anchors so badly that we saw several collisions. From here we could see the *Cérès,* several hundred feet away from the ship where we had taken refuge, struck violently by three large vessels and a section of her stern caved in. She also lost her bowsprit. We were obliged today to stay on the *Georges* until the sea calmed down along toward evening. Even then it took us an hour and a half to make six hundred meters in a boat manned by the best sailors of the *Georges.* Such was my first adventure on the soil of California; it augurs well for the future.

At Anchor off San Francisco, Dec. 17, 1849.

The bad weather still continues. After the *Cérès* had been so badly damaged by the English ship, the *Morrison,* the sailors were kept constantly on watch. The *Georges* has also her fore mast, her main shrouds, and her fore-gallant-top sails damaged. About 3 P. M. the weather abated sufficiently to allow her to pull away from these dangerous neighbors. Anchors were weighed and she was allowed to drift several hundred meters. The damage to the *Cérès* is estimated at not less than sixty thousand francs. Her hull and freight were not injured, but taking into consideration the difficulties involved and the high cost of repair work she will probably be condemned and sold, some steps having already been taken to this effect.

San Francisco Harbor, Tuesday, Dec. 18.

Last night was quiet for the first time since our arrival and I was able to get some sleep and rest. Since early morning I have been on shore trying to rent a site for a shack. I was fortunate enough to find some land centrally located near Montgomery and Sacramento Streets. Though there were buildings on either side of the lot yet there was a clear space measuring some 28x24 feet available for my building. The piece belongs to Robert Wells & Co., capitalists and speculators, who speak perfect French and, what is even rarer, are gentlemen. The price agreed on, one hundred dollars, holds good until March first. I am paying it out at the rate of a little less than fifty dollars a month. I also have the privilege of building my store up against one side of his house—an arrangement which saves me considerable lumber. I could not ask for a more suitable site at a better figure considering the limited funds at my disposal.

Later on in the day I visited the French commission houses and some others which, for one reason or another, are rivals but which stand high among my fellow-countrymen. One of them is run by J. J. Chauviteau, an ex-banker who had some severe reverses but who managed to gather together some more capital which he puts to many and often unscrupulous uses. He is suave, smooth-tongued, affable, and hypocritical toward any one from whom he hopes to extract money, and haughty and cold toward others. He is always offering his services but never living up to his promises, and few admire or esteem him. In his place of business, while there is considerable talk of the dollar, it is rarely in evidence. It is my conviction, as well as that of many others, that his reputation for wealth and credit is largely fictitious.

The firm of [Aimé] Hugues and [F. L. A.] Pioche[2]—Hugues came out on the *Cérès* with us from Lima—acts as agent for our vessel. They run a large and flourishing business, make everyone welcome, and look after all business carefully, but I am not sure how substantial they are. Most of their capital is tied up in a building site located in the heart of the city which has a wooden house on it. While their establishment looks prosperous what assets are there behind it?

I also called on Leon Bossagige [Leopold Bossange[3]] and Co. This name recalls the famous theft of the Queen's necklace years ago in which one of his relatives, a jeweler, was the hero and victim. His father is well-known in Paris, being head of a book-store. Out here the son runs a commission house for miscellaneous merchandise. He is a typical Parisian, a bon-vivant, obliging and well-mannered, easy of approach, animated, light-hearted, and always making things pleasant for everyone around. He is the only man of affairs among my fellow-countrymen who has the hallmarks of a gentleman.

The fourth and last both as to rating and standing is the firm of Mulot [Mullot] and Callot. Where have these rustic field mice come from, with their coarse manners, and red noses, their cheap language, and their constant gesticulating over the sundry articles in their store like so many angry men who believe they are accomplishing something just beacuse they are making a noise? I know nothing about them or their connections. If the saying, "as a man acts so he is," holds good, one reveals the other.

Callot began life as a strolling actor in Paris playing minor rôles in the Petit Lazare, a mediocre theatre in the Latin quarter. After a long apprenticeship he passed on to the Varieties where he played third and fourth class rôles. Finding his income inadequate both for his tastes and ambitions he finally realized it would be wiser to abandon this irksome and impecunious calling. That is why he broke away from it.

About this time a daring diamond robbery had been perpetrated on a Mlle. Mars, a popular actress, in Paris. For a long time the papers were full of this audacious crime and how it had been accomplished. In some mysterious way Callot came to be embroiled in this affair, either as a trusted employe in the house, an actor,

---

[2] Pioche, the banker, was said to have been a lover of great enterprises and a generous patron of the fine arts. The first railways in California—the Sacramento to Folsom and the Market Street railways—were organized by him. He engaged in hydraulic engineering projects and constructed wharves and buildings in San Francisco. He died by his own hand in 1872.

[3] This name appears in one account of the theft of the Queen's necklace, as Bassenge. In some of the California records it is spelled as above.

an accomplice, or a fence for stolen articles. Anyway he was so seriously compromised that he had to get out of the country immediately and so left for America before further complications came up.

To avoid all chance of being apprehended by the authorities he put between himself and his accusers the whole width of the Atlantic, the American Continent, and the Pacific Ocean, finally locating in the Hawaiian Islands. Out there he heard of gold discovered in California and, leaving the Islands early in 1849, he started over to the new El Dorado with a cargo of local products. These he sold upon arriving for their weight in gold.

Purchasing some land at Sacramento he built a house, found a partner, and posed as a prosperous, honest, and reputable citizen. But he had not counted on the influx of French immigrants who recognized him, and who did not like his haughty manners. A few gossips exposed the story of his past which was soon known all over Sacramento. Here you have the inside history of one of our most prominent French financiers in San Francisco.

Our remaining compatriots are merchants and owners of cafés, cabarets and restaurants, and do not bear close inspection—although I know very little about them. Of the restaurateurs the best known are these two, Louis Burthey, from St. Louis, in the department of the Sûre (Upper Saône), who is called Baltimore because he used to cook there, and who now runs the Baltimore Hotel; and a Mr. Mondalet who also owns a restaurant. To-morrow I am going to tell you about our titled aristocracy. I have already met several typical ones.

Wednesday, Dec. 19, San Francisco Harbor.

Among my compatriots I would give the highest places to the Marquis of Franchlieu who is connected with a family in Senlis, to Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon,[4] a native of Avignon, and to Mr. de Bedoux, son of an ex-admiral and a passenger on the *Cérès*. All these, particularly the two former, are men of honor, courage, intrepidity, strength and intelligence. Endowed with initiative, like so many others they have been cast by the hazards of revolution, dreams of fortune, and ambition, on the shores of California.

While waiting for the time to be ripe to leave for the placers they have been organizing hunting parties and selling their game at advantageous figures. They have also secured a boat and have started a ferry service back and forth across the bay from the ships to the shore carrying freight and passengers. While very fatiguing, this work is

[4] A notorious adventurer famous for his filibustering expedition into Sonora. Cf. Daniel Lévy, *Les Français en Californie*, San Francisco: 1884, p. 132.

highly remunerative. I may be able to tell you more about them in the future; this is all I know for the time being.

A far more dynamic, loquacious, and brazen type is the Marquis of Pindray.[5] He is a weather-beaten man of fine build and regular features, muscles like iron, and the fascinating look of a bird of prey. He has all the earmarks of a strayed sheep of the aristocracy about him. Haughty, indifferent to human beings, the law, his own life, and that of his associates, he is a dangerous bully always ready with his sword or pistols. Courageous even to recklessness he is cold and cruel in his daily dealings, but he also knows how, when the mood moves him, to be insinuating, ingratiating, and sugar-coated if it will serve his interests, his greed, or his pleasures. He has a loud voice and a ready wit and expresses himself correctly in Spanish, French or English,—more than he needs to stage his exploits.

With all his traits and faults he was born to be a popular demagogue, the general of an army, a great lord, or perhaps a bandit of the lowest order. It is in this latter rôle that he elects to lead here when hunting. After a day passed in killing game he will go to one of the ranchos belonging to a native Californian who is not too particular. Here he is made welcome for his charming manners and his ready conversation.

After considerable eating and drinking he will propose a game of monte which is eagerly accepted, all the Californians and Mexicans having a passion for gambling. Close to daybreak he returns to San Francisco in his boat, after winning from one hundred to four hundred dollars from his host. Once in, he walks boastfully up and down the streets, deer horns hanging from his neck, rabbits, ducks, a revolver and a sword dangling from his belt, and a gun slung across his shoulder. He wears heavy boots, fawn-colored trousers, and a wide hat. Often he is followed by a dead bear, pulled on a hand-cart, victim of his prowess as a hunter. This wins him universal respect and admiration. He is greeted and congratulated on his valor, his luck and his winnings. All this is followed by a round of dissipation, lasting several days and nights, in the popular restaurants and cafés with gay women, and in the gambling houses. Here it comes to an end when he loses to a worse rascal than he is, what he had taken off the innocent *ranchero*. To be a *ranchero* is to be hunted as well!

In the city he is usually accompanied, or rather followed, by two

[5] Said to have been of an ancient noble family in Poitou. In 1851 he enrolled eighty compatriots and others for an expedition into Sonora to work the mines in the Apache country. The venture turned out badly on account of Indian troubles and he finally established an agricultural colony at Coscopéra where he soon afterwards died. Cf. Saint-Amant, *Voyages en Californie*, Paris: 1854.

satellites or parasites who live off him by flattery and adulation; men who are wholly depraved and vicious, whom this master of the fine art of filibustering treats like valets, using them in operations unworthy of his superior genius. These two brothers came from La Chapelle—petty lordlings of mysterious ancestry—who appear to have descended from the lowest rung of the social ladder.

If the Marquis de Pindray creates a sensation in California as an eccentric character what a scandalous past he must have had in France! According to reports circulated toward the end of the reign of Louis Philippe, a group of impecunious dandies were apprehended counterfeiting notes on the Bank of France. For some time the scheme worked smoothly and the instigators led a circumspect life, but the police, warned by the repeated complaints of the victims of these bold speculations, and thoroughly aroused at last, scoured France from one end to the other even carrying the search into foreign countries. In the end the building, the presses, and all the accoutrements were discovered.

Among this group was de Pindray. Several escaped, one of them being the Marquis, who, thanks to his herculean strength and the fight he did not hesitate to put up, broke away from the police and so escaped prison and the court of assizes. The affair caused a furore. Some of the culprits were condemned to hard labor; de Pindray managed to escape paying the ultimate penalty.

Meanwhile, he traveled under assumed names in various countries trying to evade capture, or possible extradition which the government might have substituted out of consideration for his family standing. From then on to 1849 his nomadic life is a mystery. Early in that year he learned of St. Joseph, in the United States, a new village just being opened where speculation in building sites was rampant. Lured by the news of gold in California he came overland from there to San Francisco, believing that this melting-pot of outcasts from everywhere would be a field worthy of future exploitation.

Perhaps I shall have other opportunities to study this sinister character, but if I do not I want to say, my dear Adelstan, that I think he is the same de Pindray whom you knew as a boy in Senlis from 1817 to 1823 as pensioner at the College of the Knights of St. Louis. What you have told me about the gloomy, moody, haughty and rebellious character of that schoolmate coincides perfectly with his character as I have just described it to you.

San Francisco Harbor, Dec. 20, 1849.

In accordance with arrangements I had previously made for an extra fifteen days' board on the *Cérès,* Veron, Pidaucet, and I have the right to remain on her, and have food and lodging for that period without an extra drain on our purses. This enables me to make preliminary preparations without heavy expenditures. Notwithstanding, I have already spent one night in a tent where I slept on the ground. Even so, when fatigued after a long day, sleep comes readily.

I have put Pidaucet to cutting down some logs in the woods nearby and preparing the lumber needed to build our shack. This building will be used not only for a store but also for sleeping quarters by putting in a platform a few feet off the ground large enough to hold Veron, Pidaucet, Vallet, his associate White, Adolphe de Finance, Dr. Daing, and me. Dr. Daing will live with us free of charge through the rainy season. It is virtually conceded that in the spring we are to leave together for the placers and that we are to form a small company to go into anything that looks profitable. I should have liked to include Dr. Briot in our association as well, but as he wanted half of our premises for his exclusive use our restricted quarters made this out of the question.

Here, for your edification, are the current quotations on staples in San Francisco. These prices were quoted to me this morning. Wine of the most ordinary quality, one piaster a bottle; bread, half a piaster, or 2 fr. 50 c, for a 14 ounce loaf; one small bottle of whiskey, one quarter of a piaster; meat, average price, 1 fr. 15 c; onions and potatoes 1 piaster per pound; a dozen small cabbages, 80 fr.; 110 pounds of hog, 80 fr.; sugar, 3 fr. 75 c per pound; candles, 10 fr.; fresh eggs, 30 fr. a dozen; preserved, 15 fr.; milk, 5 fr. a bottle. A pair of boots worth 15 fr. in France costs 60 fr.; one worth 20, 80 fr.; raincoats sell at 300 to 400 francs. Furniture and household goods are scarce and very high. To-day I was offered a building 20x40 feet for 3000 piasters, spot cash, excluding the land. A few months ago a certain business man invested in a building lot in a good location paying $4000 on which he built a store with $2000. Today he can clean up a net profit of $10,000 on the whole thing.

San Francisco Harbor, Dec. 21, 1849.

Veron has been on shore only once; he is staying on the ship again to-night. I go ashore daily, often spending the night there, but it is not pleasant with only a tent for shelter. Pidaucet is staying with one or two congenial passengers whom I have assisted, while waiting for our building to be ready. I am architect and contractor,

Vallet is supervisor, and Pidaucet and White are acting as workmen. Within a few days it will be ready for occupancy.

The lumber purchased at Peru has proved a first-class and economical investment and will be adequate. Here $300 is the rate asked for a thousand feet of lumber which in France would be worth from 50 to 60 francs. My Peruvian dealings with Mr. Vallet, however, have not proved so fortunate in other respects. The boat we purchased at half price was let down into the sea by the Captain the day after we got into port, to clean the decks. This was done without my knowledge and permission as the ship had not passed the customs formalities. As a result this skiff which I had counted on to transport my wares was knocked to pieces in the same storm, on the fifteenth and sixteenth, that caused so much damage to the *Cérès*.

Between you and me the Captain is legally responsible, but as it involves fifteen hundred to two thousand francs he will never pay, unless compelled to. Yet I am hoping to collect damages. Though we bought the boat largely on his recommendation, nevertheless, I have learned lately that he has been bragging of having advised the purchase to get freight and that, in his opinion, the skiff was worthless to use around San Francisco. Of this none of us is convinced; but he will be made to suffer for this deception. Bad faith and stupidity ought to be properly punished. Let him laugh with his officers at our credulity and lack of knowledge in maritime matters. Some day he will find out he too has been duped and that the joke is on him.

San Francisco Harbor, Saturday, Dec. 22, 1849.

The present provisional capital of California, which has not as yet been admitted as one of the States but is still a territory subject to the governor-general who resides at Washington, and which for this reason cannot make a constitution or enact legislation except for its individual cities, is the small town of San José. This town, which is South of here, is located about ten kilometers in from the bay and about 50 kilometers from San Francisco. It is reached by land, or even more comfortably, by water. Its population is around twelve hundred.

Under Mexican rule it was the most northerly outpost [!] in California. The only settlements beyond it were Santa Clara Mission, Mission San José, on the site of a hot spring, and Mission Dolores near San Francisco which was then nothing but a hamlet or whaling-station where an occasional whaler came to trade hides and fresh meat for the products of his own country. The usual currency in such transactions was the hide of a cow or steer which represented one piaster.

Here and there at intervals of six leagues or so are located *ranchos*. Most of the *rancheros* are born musicians. For servants they have Indians. Usually they own many square leagues of land around their houses. On these lands graze millions of heads of cattle, sheep, and horses. Some time I may be able to to give you a more detailed description of this variety of the human species—a cross between a pure-blooded savage and civilized man.

The preceding is merely a résumé of conversations I have had with various acquaintances who have already been over the country. While I am waiting for business to pick up I wander around, ask questions, and keep my eyes and ears open.

San Francisco Harbor, Sunday, Dec. 23, 1849.

I understand that nuggets of gold weighing from twenty to forty pounds are sometimes found. This may be so, but up to the present the heaviest I have seen with my own eyes and touched with my own hands weighed forty ounces. It was artistically marked by the pickaxes and looked like a tiny piece of metal cast in a piece of rock. Gold-dust, commonly used in commercial transactions, does not seem so much like heavy or fine sand as it does like coarse bran. In color it is closer to a dull yellow-brown than to a natural gold.

One ounce passes for sixteen dollars, somewhat less than its actual value. Add to this the fact that the merchants' scales are not always accurate and you can readily see how the miner is frequently, if not invariably, short-changed. Often, to counterbalance this, he attempts to doctor his gold-dust, or clean it badly; but the trader is always on the lookout for such gold and will not pay full price for any that looks black, or too heavy. Usually only half price is offered to anyone who tries to fool them.

Today the customs officials confiscated the *Cérès* for carrying contraband on the grounds that foreign vessels plying on the Pacific Coast have no right to take on merchandise at intermediate ports call. The *Cérès,* having taken on freight at Lima, had violated this agreement and so was seized. Seventy-five other ships, among them two French vessels, which are lying here in port are victims of this same fate.

The Captains' agents and the consul are protesting vigorously, but the omnipotent head collector of customs is obdurate. Each side claims to be in the right, and the affair threatens to take the aspect of an international disagreement. I am informed that a ship can only carry goods from her home port as authorized by owner and captain, who are held responsible for any infringement of this regulation.

But in a country like this where loyalty is an unknown factor, and

where the wheels of justice grind slowly, legal costs are apt to exceed the value of what is in litigation. And so, before filling the attorneys' pockets, it is well to know what you are doing. If our own goods are confiscated our only redress will come from Joseph Lemaitre, owner, and Captain Messmaker. This episode is the beginning of trials and tribulations for those fine gentlemen and, whatever the penalty may be, there will be few if any of the passengers—whom they have exploited for seven long months—who will say a good word for them.

San Francisco Bay, Dec. 24, 1849.

Out here no one is ashamed of what he is doing no matter how humble it may be. From day to day I see fine fellows from Paris, London, and New York carrying heavy trunks on their backs for persons whom, a year ago, they would not even have had as servants. Lawyers, doctors, capitalists, and merchants who have no clientele, consultations, legal matters to attend to, or adequate credit, are forced, if they would eat or speculate, to black boots at the door of a restaurant or popular café, cook, or wash dishes. At such tasks they can earn from twenty to fifty francs a day. On this they can live in moderate comfort, if they are economical and industrious.

Another business consists in going out and cutting wood in the little forest on the outskirts of the village, which seems to have no owner and not to be under the supervision of any forest ranger. Here anyone knowing how to handle a hatchet and saw can cut down about five loads of wood a day. This is sold in the city at the rate of a dollar a load. While I admit it is fatiguing yet the freedom of this life is ample compensation.

What will become of all our good friends of the *Cérès* in this letting down of all social restraints and barriers? What if their plans miscarry? I have already seen several of them looking worn and worried. Men of intelligence eventually come to realize that the strong arm of the worker, plus the brains of the business man and capitalist united with order and economy are the basis of future prosperity in this new country. That motto of the National Workers of Paris, "All for the Union," is interpreted out here as "Everyone for himself."

Pepin, who won a first prize given by the University of Paris for excellence as a plasterer, together with [Vicomte Jules] de France[6] who says he is descended from Robert the Brave, are planning to put on a skit with an actor from the Varieties called Jourdain who came out on the *Edouard* and who, in the interim, has gambled away his last piaster and is piling up bills at the hotels.

Dr. Briot, assisted by Blandeau, son of a deputy from Doubs, Boillon, son of a manufacturer, Pepiquignot, called Grésely, and Parisot

[6] See page 27.

—ancestry unknown— are attempting to manufacture lemonade and sell it at a fabulous figure.

Theologne, who comes from a line of Oriental scholars and who recently served as secretary to ex-minister Montalivet, is peddling oranges, cigars, matches, and other sundries. With him is Fichaux once popular at Parisian social functions who is now waiting for something to turn up.

De la Mollère, an ex-cavalry officer has organized a company to do joiners' work. De Bedoux whose father is an active, not a retired admiral, together with several friends has purchased a boat and is making trips around the bay and plying between the far side and Contra Costa, a wooded plain as yet comparatively undeveloped.

Charbonnel, the unfortunate manufacturer, together with several workers from the ships—one of them is Bouret of the Parisian firm of Rosa, Bouret & Co.—publishers of Spanish books—is once more attempting to make the fortune that has so often evaded him.

Guillocheuse-Parret readily accepted work as a cook though he seems ambitious. The flighty Estelle has found an easy berth. Women being at a premium she accepted a place as chamber-maid at the home of the bachelor Leon Bossange, with large wages paid in advance.

The group of immigrants known as the Nationalists, organized and directed by a man named Blanchot in Paris, are camping over on the hill. They have no supplies, capital, credit, or friends of influence. In the meanwhile the home office keeps the money of these simpletons who left home and country on the strength of idle promises. This Blanchot must be an infamous aristocrat, no plebian would conduct himself so outrageously.

The seventeen remaining members of the Society of Thirty-two are living frugally on what little they have left while trying to find some occupation. So far they have been unsuccessful due to the constant rains we are now having.

The firm of Massey, Veron, and Co. is still intact despite the attempt made to stir up discord. As soon as our shack is completed— possibly tomorrow— we will make it our headquarters together with those to whom we are offering hospitality. We all mean business with the single exception of Blanc, the slave-dealer and nephew of Baron Blanc, an extremely rich aristocrat from Savoyard who is unloading his merchandise and is trying to sell it between now and March first. When this is accomplished he hopes to go into something else.

As my time will be pretty well taken up with business my daily journal will have to suffer for the time being. That is why I am

bringing the third section to a close, and sending it on to my brother, friends and relatives, who may be interested in knowing what I am doing.

PART IV

To My Cousin Charles de Finance

A Winter Spent in San Francisco in the year 1850.

San Francisco, California, Feb. 1, 1850.

Courage, ambition and energy are not enough, my dear friend, to carry one on to his goal; luck must also be with you. In this, at least for the time being, I have been unfortunate. On January first my shack was completed on the site of that great and growing cosmopolitan city called San Francisco. There I installed myself with my associate Veron, my workman Pidaucet, and two other passengers from the *Cérès,* co-owners of the shack. We also offered hospitality to your relative Adolphe de Finance, and to Dr. Daing, who accepted.

We unpacked our trunks and several small cases of merchandise and provisions which had come through the customs who very considerately passed them without inspection. As for the main bulk of my wares shipped out as freight, that is another story! We had to lose over eight days and make trip after trip through the mud and rain looking after them. When you believe everything is perfectly legal then they refuse to pass your goods through, due to the omission of some formality the head customs-officials had neglected to point out.

The inspector of customs here is a Mr. St. Collier [Col. James Collier], a heavy-set busy-body, who by nature, or possibly from motives of personal interest, stands in with the assistants and agents who unite to squander money and discourage the importation of foreign merchandise. Those who know American and International law are convinced he is over-stepping his legal rights. It must be very expensive for the United States to have so rapacious a rascal at the head of the local customs.

Meeting with little success at the hands of the agent, a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee, who seemed to want to make me dance, I went to another agent who came of French parentage, but was an American from New Orleans. He was well-mannered and spoke perfect French. Being what the Yankees call "a very smart gentleman" he knew how to handle my matters.

My gravest obstacle was to provide proper security for the paying of duty on the goods I had left in the customs house, as I did not have

funds enough to take them all out at the same time. Their way of putting up a bond confused me as no one had told me how to arrange it. In my ignorance and lack of knowledge I should never have been able to procure proper security. My new friend, Mr. de Peru, to whom I had made my position clear told me that, for the sum of two dollars, he would arrange it. He found proper backing and relieved me of all responsibility.

Having thus fulfilled all requirements, I was permitted to take out what I thought I could sell, together with samples of what remained. It was a relief when the trouble was over as I was growing gray-headed, and losing my appetite over it. Much of my capital has gone into the coffers of the customs officials, and the unavoidable incidentals arising out of the customs. As this must be built up again we shall have to sell everything we possibly can, even down to our personal belongings.

Of what use are overcoats, heavy coats, and riding coats, when a woolen shirt and a jacket will meet all requirements arising out of our present mode of living, a mode which, both physically and morally, is on a low level—without family, friends or even pleasant acquaintances, without wives, or the comforts of home, and surrounded by hotels, gambling-houses, and *cafés-chantants*.

Whenever we meet a man of fine appearance he is apt to be a banker in a gambling den, a croupier, an accomplice, or a swindler. Now and again happy miners are seen, men who have burned their bridges behind them and are returning to their own country by the first out-bound steamer.

I spend my days mainly at the store, waiting for customers. I have enough spare time to separate my thirty-six per cent brandy and make kirsch and cognac, bottle them, and box them for the convenience of patrons. The bottles and cases cost nothing. All we have to do is to go out and gather them up off the main streets where they are thrown as a way of getting rid of useless and cumbersome articles, take them in, wash them, and pack them. This is Pidaucet's task, in addition to collecting fuel. Every morning he makes the rounds, bringing in cases, bottles and enough wood to carry us through the day.

To me falls the duty of transacting any business in the city, as no one else understands a word of English. What little I know is a great help in getting around. Veron has taken over the culinary department, keeping it, as well as the establishment, tidy. To cook our food we improvised an oven out of earth where we prepare our daily repasts—Vallet, White, de Finance, the Doctor, my two associates and myself—as best we can. When the oven is not being used it serves as a place for carrying on my occupation of brandy-making.

Our food costs us very little. We have one hundred kilogrammes of lard and bacon on hand, three hundred liters of wine, tea and coffee, sugar, vinegar, and olive-oil! So all we need to buy is meat or bread occasionally.

In the evenings we lay in a supply of trinkets, cutlery, haberdashery, matches, and sundries, close up shop, and go over to the gambling dens and *cafés-chantants,* which are crowded with patrons. There we try to sell our wares at exorbitant prices. In this way I have even sold matches worth ten centimes a box in France for two francs and a half. Recent comers sell off whatever they do not want to take on to the mines as soon as possibe, and in these establishments there are often more sellers than buyers.

It is a strange spectacle to see the tense animated faces, to hear the babel of foreign tongues, and watch the different races and the strange costumes. It is all like pandemonium let loose, a fair, or an exchange, as well as the gathering place of gamblers, high-livers and heavy drinkers, sharpers, knaves, rich men, and, now and again, an honest citizen. Often, to break the monotony a fight starts, swords and revolvers are flashed, a pick-pocket is caught and arrested, or a ruined gambler commits suicide.

Even after some such dramatic moment, things soon become normal; the orchestra plays its liveliest polka, the singers air their most lurid songs, accompanied by suggestive poses, while the voice of the croupier is heard calling out at regular intervals his usual refrain, "Place your money, gentlemen, the play is about to start." Anyone just coming in would never believe that only a moment before this blasé crowd had witnessed a tragedy and that one of their members had just been carried out dead or dying from the center of this gay crowd to the police-station or the office of the coroner.

In addition to studying these eccentric customs, the most important result of our evening's trips to these haunts of vice is the sale of from fifteen to twenty francs worth of miscellaneous merchandise, about two-thirds of which is net profit. Around midnight we return to our shack where our companions in misfortune, who have been left to guard our establishment, are already lost in slumber.

Morning finds the seven of us on the platform two and a half meters off the floor, each on his mattress, speculating on the past, present, and future, but without coming to any definite conclusions.

[S.] Langlet, who is twenty-six, prefers loafing to hard work with no pay. After he had been with us a few days he decided to take over a cabaret with Widow Perret, aged forty-six, who has a supply of watches and a little money. Now he plans to marry her. I do not

know whether he is joking or serious. The object of his choice has improved since landing; her complexion, whether by art or nature, has taken on more color. By the side of her plump, pink-cheeked husband what a fine appearance this old crow with her scarred face, her wrinkles and her toothlessness, will make. How long will peace and harmony reign between them, I wonder?

I am looking up several addresses I brought along from Paris of friends who are supposed to be living here in California. First there is Mr. Langlois, who is the brother of the director of the post at Hâvre where my friend Alphonse de Laboullage is assistant inspector. I have heard that this gentleman, who held a very fine position, was taken seriously ill at the village of San José, that his business became entangled, and his fortune heavily mortgaged. Apparently his brother at Hâvre knew nothing about it.

I am also going to see Dr. Chevalier, son of a highly respected citizen whose place of business is in La Place de la Loge at Langres, when I can find out where he is living. Some say he has gone to the mines; others that he is living at Mazatlan, Mexico, and practicing his profession. The last one is Mr. Praileur of Franche-Comte of whom I have not been able to find any trace.

Taking my letter of recommendation from Mr. Buffet, I went to see Mr. [Abel] Guy, our consular agent. Unfortunately he is head of a colony of immigrants and more interested in his own private affairs than those of the consulate. He barely read my letter—a very gracious and explicit one from the minister who had written him personally at the solicitation of our mutual friend, Edward Cournault of Langres, assistant prefect at Mirecourt—then dismissed me courteously but with finality.

I am now quite convinced that I am absolutely alone out here and must rely on my own initiative. What a curious thing confidence is; it gives energy, pride, and spirit. Otherwise I might readily lose all initiative and be entirely dependent on others. This is my situation as I am about to make my début in California; it is now up to me to use my own judgment.

On December twenty-fourth a fire completely destroyed one of our streets; all the wooden houses burned down like so many matches. If this happens in the rainy season what must happen in summer when, for eight months, no rain falls, and the strong winds blow daily from eight in the morning to five in the evening. The outlook is far from reassuring for the proprietors of all these little shops so poorly constructed and yet so costly and combustible.

But one calamity more or less seems to make no difference to these

Californians. Far from discouraging expressions, their faces do not even show the slightest emotion when they see their houses and wares reduced to ashes. Barely are the embers cold before they begin rebuilding. How and where do they get credit, when nothing is left out of the ruins? What goods are saved often have to go to the creditors, and goods are usually only on consignment. The loss probably has to be borne by the owners abroad, while those who were burned out often find themselves better off than before. But despite these risks there will be no way of safeguarding property until the city is built of brick and stone—a matter of many more years.

The day after the disaster a group of workmen cleared off the debris and rubbish, and new houses of the usual wooden type soon sprang up as if by magic. Within ten days no one would have ever known a fire had been there.

The amusing romance which began on board the *Cérès* between Lieutenant Simon and Estelle has been revived again in as odd a manner as it began. Leon Bossange having made some proposals to the woman, which did not pass by unheeded, Simon grew mad with jealousy and tried by a *coup d' etat* to win back his fickle companion by promising to marry her.

Estelle accepted the proposal and, forty-eight hours later, became Mrs. Simon in the eyes of God and the Law. Fifteen days later she accepted a position as actress in a local theatre—as an *ingénue*, I have no doubt. Then she got a divorce and returned to Bossange, whom she found more amiable and less brutal. This poor strolling actress, mistress, and heartless woman, has chosen her path in life; the theatre, the street, and the alcove. This she may be able to follow for many years to come, for the stores carry chiffons, wigs and curls; the dentists teeth; and the perfumers, rouge to replace what is missing. But what will be the ultimate outcome? The Californians, however, have not yet reached the point of being overly particular.

While all this has been going on Adolphe de Finance and Dr. Daing have been visiting down in San José, the provisional capital. There they got into touch with Mr. Langlois who welcomed them most cordially because of the message I sent him from his brother at Hâvre. He gave them all the information they asked for, but he can be of very little use to them, owing to his present depleted financial situation through poor investments, and the paralysis from which he is a constant sufferer and which may, at any time, prove fatal.

There is no activity in the capital other than commerce and agriculture. Most of the population consists of Californians, Mexicans, Chileans, and half-savage Indians. Spanish is the predominating lan-

guage and the principal business transactions are carried out in that tongue. As their tastes and habits differ materially from those of the Americans and Northern Europeans, what would readily sell in San Francisco would not be marketable in this village.

They also met a Frenchman, a Bizontain, and an acquaintance of Dr. Briot, by the name of Jourdain, who runs a local hotel and restaurant. He had been in Mexico on some personal matters where he came to know a man called [Joseph Y.] Limantour who claimed he was grantee, by an act of the Mexican government prior to the annexation of California, of a large section of land, on a portion of which San Francisco is now located. Jourdain is making his home at San José where he is supposedly representing the rights and interests—true or fictitious—of Mr. Limantour, whose property will soon become immensely valuable. More than likely he is making his money out of the kind of gold-mining indulged in by judges and lawyers out here who command exorbitant prices.

Since our arrival three of the former passengers on the *Cérès* have passed away. The first to go was Theodora Shultz, the young German consumptive, who rallied slightly during the last months of the voyage, but who could neither live nor die. The second is Bois de Latour, of whom I know practically nothing as there was little about him, no salient trait or characteristic, to make him stand out from his fellow-passengers. The third is Gosselin, the former owner of a café at Hâvre, and a friend of de France and Lamolère,[7] a noisy, awkward, heavy-set fellow who would be more at home in the steerage than the salon. While acting as waiter in a café he fell a victim to his own greed and intemperance, his desire to live his youth over again, and while intoxicated fell down the stairs, broke his neck and, after fifteen days' suffering, died in an attic infested with worms and vermin.

De France has tried to launch a newspaper—buying an autographic press from Dr. Briot for the purpose—and after purchasing some paper on credit, published one edition.[8] It failed to sell, however; yet a few debts more or less mean nothing to this gentleman. He suspended publication for fifteen days then found a new money-lender; but his second venture proved no more successful. All this, nevertheless, fails to dampen his enthusiasm. He has about one hundred different schemes in his head, all more or less visionary, for living in luxury at the expense of any simpleton who comes along. The only things he expects

[7] Previously spelled De la Mollére: de Lamolère appears to be the correct form.

[8] The first French newspaper in California. Undoubtedly this was the paper called *Le Californien,* which was said to have been "lithographed on a sheet of foolscap paper" and published on January 21, 1850. It was said to have been resumed on March 28 of the same year and yet there is no definite notice of its having done so. The place of publication was the "Maison Chauviteau" on Clay Street (see footnote [9]). On June 7, 1851, de France published another sheet, entitled *Revue Californienne,* only one or possibly two numbers of which were issued. Cf. H. R. Wagner, *California Imprints.*

to pay with are promises, flattery, or insinuating remarks. This is a currency, he is clever enough to know, that never depreciates wherever it is used carefully.

New ships are entering the harbor daily. They come from all over the world, and are loaded down with freight and passengers. Usually they are unable to leave immediately, once they have entered, for the crews, as a general thing, desert, and no freight is obtainable. As a result San Francisco presents to the eye the appearance of a magnificent forest of masts, from which float the many colors of various maritime nations.

One of the latest arrivals is the *Cachalot* of Hâvre, Captain Le Grand. The passengers on this vessel are so dissatisfied that they have taken vengeance for their bad treatment by denouncing the cargo as contraband. This is bringing on legal proceedings which will force the owner to pay a heavy fine and probably cause the ship to be confiscated. Everyone is laughing about the way Messmaker and Le Grand are being punished in the same manner, and how they are condoling with each other.

The *Succès*, a ship from Bordeaux, has just pulled into port. Among the passengers on board is Oscar de Gaulne, who is bringing in some valuable merchandise. Several years ago I met him at the home of Mr. de Houx of La Rochère and later he called on me at Passavant. His father is a wealthy ship-owner at Bordeaux, and an old friend of Mrs. de Houx, the daughter of the Count de Grivel of Perrigny. At the time he impressed me as being a foolish, weak character, a bon-vivant, and rather forward.

At that time I was told he was not on good terms with his father, who was avaricious, egotistical, and wedded to business, not pleasure. The old gentleman watched his son's foolish expenditures regretfully, and, though he gave him a generous allowance, he refused to loosen his purse strings for promiscuous expenditures. So I surmise the little scapegrace has left Bordeaux, Franche-Comte, where he was neither wanted nor needed, concluding to put an end to all paternal remonstrances, and the annoyance of pressing creditors.

My first impression of him here in San Francisco was that he had not changed, but after several meetings he told me his history with such frankness and such seriousness that I thought he had improved considerably. He told me his goods had cost him nearly eighty thousand francs; that he intended to sell them off and open up a branch of his father's house in San Francisco; that he planned to represent several large houses in Bordeaux, and that every in-coming ship was bringing him fresh merchandise. He also told me Mr. Chauviteau[9] was very close

[9] J. J. Chauviteau had a store on the Clay Street wharf at the end of Leidesdorff Street in 1850.

about money matters, and that he had had some excellent offers to go into business.

While not wholly convinced yet I was somewhat impressed by his conversation. But if he already has a desk in the office of his future partner who has come to an agreement with him, why is he living in idleness and spending the evenings at roulette—haughtily throwing a dollar on the red-and-black like an amateur for whom the dollar has no value—and then posing as a man of affairs before everyone who might be interested in studying and knowing him? Between you and me this young man de Gaulne has changed very little; his youthful traits still seem to predominate over those of his maturer years.

If I digress at some length to discuss this young man who would perhaps otherwise pass by unnoticed, it is because in my present isolated situation anyone whose family, social standing, or education makes him stand out from the crowd, or whom I knew, arouses a feeling of affection in me which draws me to him and gives a sense of confidence and almost of friendship however superficial or notoriously eccentric the person be. This is all I have to say about him for the time being, but without a doubt I shall have occasion to speak of him again later.

Every Sunday is a holiday out here. The shops close and wherever one is open you may be sure it is run by a Frenchman. We ourselves profit by this day of rest to take short trips in the neighborhood. Occasionally Veron and Blanc go out hunting and bring in some birds, duck or quail, which serve to vary our usual monotonous diet.

On one of our walks our goal was the presidio, which lies some six kilometers beyond here, near the entrance to Golden Gate Harbor. Long ago this was a Mission, but the few buildings which now remain serve as barracks for the hundred artillerymen who have charge of twenty dilapidated cannon and who represent the sole force available here to defend the rights of the Americans in California.

The route, a well-travelled road leading to the presidio, was sandy, rough and uneven, though passable for vehicles. We frequently passed small green valleys where little brooks, which dry up in summer, wind in and out in winter. We also passed knolls covered with shrubs, green oaks and wild roses. Near the sea were several lakes of fresh water. A few wooden houses were seen set back in the center of enclosures which in the springtime become gardens. In the fields steers, cows, and horses, roamed at random. Such is the back-country of San Francisco.

The entrance to the harbor lies on the right, with the lagoons opposite. On the left is the Mission or rather barracks. The mainland comes close to being an island. It is about one hundred kilometers in length and is surrounded by the ocean and the bay. The presidio lies

in its most northerly extremity. At its southern apex is Santa Clara Mission. A chain of mountains parallels the coast, running from north to south. These are broken up near San Rafael, which lies in a peninsula or a cove.

A geologist would say these ranges had not always been in existence; and that, sometime in the past, the great bay of San Francisco spread over all the low country as far as San José on the south, east as far as Mt. Diablo, covering the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys and forming an inland sea more than one hundred leagues in diameter. In some prehistoric upheaval the rivers came into existence; while the general character of the land underwent a complete metamorphosis. Mr. de Blangy, whom I have not met as yet but whose address has been found, will probably start for France at once to receive the inheritance left him by his father—some three hundred thousand francs or more—which he expected to have sent out to him here.

I shall take this opportunity to send you some letters, papers, and other items of minor interest. Among these I am sending the reply I got from Mr. Langlois in San José to a letter which I sent him inclosing one from his brother who is in the post-office at Hâvre. In it you will find considerable information about the country, written by a man who has made his home here for a number of years. You can send it on to his brother as it may be the last time he will ever hear from him, for he is slowly dying.

His last days have been spent in untangling legal problems, between the Captain of the *George* and its owner Mr. Lamoisse on the one hand, and the ship's passengers on the other. The owner at Hâvre has been sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, with interest, as damages to each passenger. This makes a pretty penny for him to pay as there are from eighty to one hundred passengers in all. Why could not the other passengers, who have equal grounds for complaint against their Captain, profit by this lesson? Those on the *Cèrès* could easily claim redress, and if this were done often enough by passengers it might be of value to future travellers.

My fellow-passenger, Dechaner, from Langres, is not finding San Francisco a bed of roses any more than the rest of us. He accepts whatever he is offered. Something seems wrong with him. For one thing he is quite upset over not hearing from his wife who is the only soul in France who knows where he is, although outwardly she pretends to know nothing of him. He will be agreeably surprised to hear of the inheritance that has just come to him, and of which I have been instructed to inform him. He may not be as happy, however, to hear that he has recently become a father, for this is a situation in which

he can claim no rightful part. This new arrival at Cisey seems to explain why his wife has been so silent. Nobody is perfect; the wife of this poor fellow is just another instance of what is found everywhere.

I have not been lucky in my choice of acolytes for my commercial dealings. Alexander is energetic enough but he spends most of his time doing things that are useless, and the slightest remonstrance exasperates him. Pidaucet has no initiative; he is as helpless as an infant and requires constant supervision. When business takes me into the city I have to close up shop as I cannot be everywhere at the same time. Nor do I see any way out of this unpleasant situation but to put up with it, and take the consequences.

We are having alternate spells of good and bad weather. These often last three days at a stretch. When the weather is clear we get a crisp frost in the morning but by the middle of the day the sun is hot. The rains frequently come down in torrents and even when the wind is not blowing we have to sit idly indoors musing over our past, thinking about the present, and dreaming vain dreams of the future.

As last Saturday was a glorious day we walked over to Mission Dolores which lies about five kilometers south of San Francisco. It will not be long before all the intermediate country will be a part of the city proper. Even now the woods and fields are being cut up into lots, which range in size from one-half to one-quarter of a hectare, for speculative purposes.

The trees in the woods through which we passed were not large. Frequently they were gnarled and bent by the steady winds which sweep over them. The leaves were still clinging to them, winter differing from summer out here only by the slight variation in color of the foliage.

The country beyond the forest was cut up into little hills and valleys; in the latter stood small pools of water, the rendezvous of great croaking frogs, four times the size of ours in France. They are not often found here, for these little waterways and ponds dry up in the summer season. Here and there in the meadows grew mushrooms of a pinkish color.

Finally, after an hour's walking we reached the site of the old Mission, fifty years ago at the zenith of its prosperity with its rich and cultivated fields, its live-stock, and its fruit orchards, but now abandoned, neglected, and almost in ruins. When the war of independence was over the Mexicans confiscated the Missions and dismissed the Franciscan Fathers on the grounds that they were implicated in politics in Madrid. In reality this was only a pretext to seize their immense herds of sheep and cattle.

The many Indians whom they had partially civilized and who lived nearby tilling the Mission lands, no longer having a guiding hand over them, returned to their state of savagery. The lands were left idle, the properties fell into ruins, and the buildings crumbled from lack of attention.

These despoilers, in the main Mexicans, being soon replaced by the victorious Americans, were unable long to enjoy the fruits of their plunder. The immense herds that were confiscated—the most tangible assets of this unjust procedure—soon died from exposure in the rainy season, while agile outlaws of many nationalities did not hesitate to shoot them down and sell the hides under the very eyes of the local police who were incapable of suppressing this petty thievery.

In connection with Mission San Francisco Dolores there is a dilapidated chapel or shelter that is notable mainly for its three crumbling adobe pillars supporting the pediment which adorns the façade. This is now occupied by a Mexican priest and a French vicar from the diocese of Paris who are connected with the Association of Foreign Missions. The curé is devoted to the Church as it was the former residence of the Franciscan Fathers.

I went inside and chatted for a time with the vicar. From him I learned that a suit is now pending between the California Missions and the United States Government relative to the properties that are still in the hands of the Catholic Church—a suit they have slight chance of winning since the decision rests with the United States Court.

About one hundred and twenty persons live around the Mission. Most of them are Mexicans, Indians, or half-breeds; Europeans and Americans are in the minority. There is no business activity here beyond the raising of garden produce which brings in quick returns. Everything else is at a standstill. An *alcalde,* a combination of mayor and justice of the peace found in Spanish countries, is the sole person in authority.

A little brook, green with water-cress, ran through a field where narcissus and violets grew up around the houses. From idle curiosity and as a concession to our future rôle of gold-diggers, we attempted to wash some sand dug out of the brook. While the attempt was harmless enough yet it was fruitless, for we found only a few glistening grains of yellow mica.

On this trip I had a chance to talk with an Indian who spoke French as brokenly as I did Spanish. He offered to act as my servant saying he could garden, lasso horses and wild cattle, and tame them—all for the sum of thirty dollars a month. He also told me that a good horse could be bought for sixty dollars. This is not dear in

comparison with other prices. On the other hand some lands near the Mission and capable of being cultivated—some fifty acres in all—have just been rented for the unprecedented amount of forty-five hundred francs a year by the *alcalde* at the Mission.

After this pleasant day spent out in the open under a radiant sun such as we have in France during May, we returned in the late afternoon to our dwelling ready again to resume our life of drudgery and to mark time in the deadly mire of San Francisco. Most of our passengers on the trip out who are living here have been ill in one way or another, mainly with fever and dysentery.

The change in climate, food, and occupation, camping out in the rainy season, intemperate living, and the unhealthy conditions of the streets—twenty thousand citizens throw their refuse out into the mud and slime to decompose—are quite enough to make serious inroads on the constitutions of even the strongest. Our own small group has been fairly immune, thanks to the hygienic way in which we live, to the medicine we take, and to our diet—chiefly of rice. No one has been seriously ill.

To-day is the fifteenth of February, 1850; just two months ago I first put foot on this promised land of California which, in these two long months, has failed to fulfill any of its promises. These have been trying months both for body and soul. In the main they have been spent in searching, though ineffectually, for my dream-castles in Spain. All my hopes and my resources, as well as those of others entrusted to my care, are fast disappearing. My hair has grown quite gray, a thing which makes a young and energetic man appear ridiculous. On the long voyage out, however, I turned this whole situation over in my mind and was prepared to struggle; and struggle I will!

I have just written Armand to sell everything I own and liquidate my French securities. I can now see that I may have to stay here longer than I had expected. Who knows from the way things are now going when I shall ever return, for I will never come back unless I can make a success of this undertaking.

San Francisco, March 15, 1850.

I spent the last fortnight in February auctioning off all the merchandise I could sell at retail before March first when the ground-lease on the site where I built by shack expires. This method of liquidation is always disastrous. We also sold off whatever personal belongings we no longer needed to the miners, who are always our best customers. I first planned to store away most of our things in trunks and leave them behind until we got back from the placers, but our urgent need of

money, the fear of fire, and the cost of holding them made me change my mind.

I left with the customs all our tools and about nine hundred liters of kirsch, at present unsalable. I still have eight months to get them out again—and many things can easily happen in the interim. The lumber in our buildings was sold off for sixty-five dollars and the proceeds divided between Mr. Vallet and our company. Mr. Vallet and Dr. Daing have just left on a barge for Yuba; they ran into some very heavy weather. News from the placers on this river is decidedly encouraging; but then, as you know, bad news never leaks out.

Recently I have struck up a friendship with the young Abbé Doubet whose home was originally on the coast near Sûre (upper Saône). He is a fine fellow, and a typical ecclesiastic. I cannot imagine why he has come out to this remote and wild country. Apparently his goal is to establish a parish at San Rafael, a budding settlement seven leagues from here on the far side of the bay. But where will he get his parishoners from? The tide of immigration will not flow over across the bay while the mining-fever lasts. If he could only find some devout, rich, and generous miner who would support his church this, no doubt, would satisfy, for the time being, his ambition, his zeal, and his frail health. He has the air of a poor but honest man. I have sold him some goods outright and have given him some more on consignment, which he will sell and credit to my account, such as rosaries, medals, and images.

With the profits there ought to be enough to buy a building site in the growing section of the city on which we could pitch a tent by way of indicating that we are about to take possession. I furnished him with enough cloth for this purpose. We have been given a building lot in the projected Stanislaus City which carries a clause with it making the donation null and void if we have not put a six-hundred-dollar building on it within six months. I accepted it, as I was not committed to anything.

The property is 240x80 feet and faces on three streets. We have bought another lot near San José measuring 100 x 100 feet. It is unrestricted and cost thirty-six dollars. Every day hundreds of lots in new subdivisions which exist only on paper are sold off at auction. In this way fortunes are both lost and gained; it is all a lottery. But this is the way a number of cities, many of them now quite prosperous, sprang into existence. At places like Sacramento City, Marysville, Eliza City—the two latter being named for Captain Sutter's daughters[10] who owned the land on which they were laid out—Stockton, and

[10] Marysville was named for Mary Murphy, a survivor of the Donner party.

Joaquin City, the shrewd capitalists who bought up lots at the opening have since realized enormous profits.

To-day reckless speculation is going on in San Francisco down by the water-front along Montgomery Street, which is so near the bay that the water comes up all around the last houses on the east side of the street. Furthermore, a plot of the city shows these lots to extend for three hundred meters into the bay. Every day building lots are sold which, at high-tide, are from one to three meters under water and at a price from fifty to one hundred dollars, according to size and location. And the purchaser thinks she has made a fine purchase!

But he will find he needs several well-filled pocket-books in addition to his initial purchase; one for the pile work, one to fill in his land with dirt, and one to pay his construction costs. In all a total of from ten to twenty thousand dollars will have to be invested in less than two years, and this if he has no fires.

On the west shore of the bay, located on a steep mountain which overlooks the city, are some mounds of shifting sands which are difficult even for pedestrians to climb over. Here a flurry of speculation is going on, with the difference that prices are lower here, for this is not a business section but is being held for private residences, cottages, and small houses.

Levelling off mountains and casting the debris into the sea is becoming less and less costly in such projects, however, under the skilful handling of the Americans. In the last few days I have come across an excellent instance of this on a street running into Montgomery which will be the main artery of San Francisco for some time to come, which had been blocked by a series of shifting sand-dunes, varying in height from ten to twenty meters. These had caused building activities to shift over to a location about one hundred meters south of Sacramento Street where my little store stood.

Recently a steamer brought in a gigantic shovel with an enormous capacity of sand per minute and, in less than a month, a street [Sansome?] fifteen meters wide coming into Market Street—which runs up from the bay—was built with a quantity of transported material. If this goes on, in a few years there will be double the number of building sites along the bay, hillsides will be excavated, and the seemingly impossible accomplished which will make the value of these lands increase ten times over.

Since March first I have been renting a room near the site of my store. Here we are now living while I make final preparations and lay in supplies prior to leaving for the placers. We are selling out at any figure whatever we cannot or do not wish to keep permanently. In the

meanwhile Pidaucet has been building a little boat capable of navigating the rivers—provided there are any rivers in the bay for which we are heading. One of my little hobbies is a longing to be captain of something, if only of a nut-shell. An alienist would diagnose my case and probably cure me of this maritime folly, by making me swallow a large quantity of sea-water. But as yet we have no specialists out here, and so my malady runs its course.

I am writing this on March nineteenth in my room at 3:30 in the afternoon sitting, or rather doubled up, on my mattress which serves as a sofa. An old box acts as table. Naudet and Veron, one on my right, and the other on the left are each making a tent out of the bedding in imitation of the way we shall pitch our tents out at the placers—probably those on the Trinity River.

These lie about sixty leagues north of the coast on a bay bearing the same name. This entire region is reputed to be rich in gold and is virtually virgin country. It is inhabited by some inferior savages given to plundering and petty thievery. It has at last been decided that Veron, Pidaucet, and I—as well as Naudet who asked to join us —are to go out and mine together. A few ships are already preparing to sail when they have adequate freight and passengers. But all this will take time, as no one as yet has any definite news about this unexplored region.

Now and again in the gambling houses, we run across a certain person who is known as the Count of Campora and who claims to have been a Lieutenant in the Fourth Hussars. With him is a young girl, or woman, whom he introduces as the Countess of Campora. To judge by her charms, her conversation, her occupation—she is a croupier in the gambling dens—and the anecdotes circulating about her, she is far from being a Countess.

But she is generally accepted as the Countess, and is known as *La Campora*. She is said to come from Chambray where she was brought up in some obscure convent. If her appearance were more prepossessing she could make a fortune. Her psuedo-husband is most amicable doing nothing, and leading a care-free existence. Chambray is another gentleman who makes holes in the moon in anticipation of arriving there in the future.

Captain Sutter, to whom we owe the discovery of gold in California, owns an immense stretch of land along the Sacramento River and its tributaries. He has brought his family over from Switzerland. The towns of Marysville and Eliza City, named for his daughters,[10] are on his property. If he had more of the Yankee in him he today would be one of the richest capitalists in the whole world; but unfortunately

much of the vast fortune that seemed to turn his head got away from him. His followers have tricked, deceived, and plundered him; taking advantage of his weakness for drink they have persuaded him into making transactions involving land-concessions which contain clauses so cunningly worded that they have brought on ruinous and endless litigation. According to local opinion within a few years he will be completely ruined by those whom he formerly aided.

The United States Government owes to him much of the recent prosperity of California—the new star that will soon appear on the American flag—yet it is disputing his titles of ownership and is trying to get away his lands. In this war of avarice, which is being staged at local courts with the ultimate conflict to be held at Washington, the Captain is waging a fight single-handed.

To try and save some of his properties not in litigation he is obliged to sell or hypothecate other properties. Thanks to the money lenders, the lawyers, the business men, the judges, and all the vultures who surround him and fight for his fortune, it runs the grave risk of soon being dissipated.

I had thought of arranging for an interview with him to ask him for a concession in case I was unsuccessful at the placers, but after I heard about his embarrassing situation and his following I gave up the idea.

Mr. de Lambertye, a resident of Angoumois, has arrived here with de Gaulne on the *Succès,* with a shipment of wares. Unfortunately shippers seem to imagine that the climate of San Francisco is like that of Provence and have shipped out an avalanche of summer garments that have no market. Even at the mines, where the heat is intense during the summer season, trousers, and a woolen shirt, constitute the typical miner's costume. Here the weather, while never actually cold, is crisp all year around and those who are used to it do not even wear overcoats.

Mr. de Lambertye seems to be a sensible and well-educated man. These many new arrivals in this country give the impression of a kind of crusade into the Holy Land, present-day California; faith is love of wealth, and the sepulchre is the mountain that holds the native gold in gigantic blocks—now in the hands of infidel Indians.

In the past, as in the present, the mass of crosses might well be the graves of all classes of society. Man, as a general thing, does not leave hearth and family to seek adventures in foreign lands unless consumed by ambition, love of gold, science, or religious ardor, or unless he has some duty to fulfill; some disaster to repair, some fault to forget, some sin to hide or, perhaps, some rope to evade.

On April first I received a bundle of letters from France. Among them was one from Adelstan written at Lasnes and one from the family at Passavant, together with a dozen packages of papers on which the postage must have come to at least two dollars. How was it that the letters I sent should have cost nearly thirty francs in addition to what I paid out at this end? Your letters were slow getting out to me; the post-mark showed they were mailed last December and January.

My mind is already made up, in a few days we are going to start for the placers of Trinity River. I do not know how far they are from San Francisco—some say one hundred leagues, others one hundred and fifty—but they cannot be far from the Oregon frontier. Ships are leaving every day for this country; it is all the rage at the present.

The Government has sworn in one hundred men at ten dollars a day to keep off the Indians—scant protection against several thousand savages for the hundreds of camps situated along a stretch of at least fifty leagues. To-day we gave notice to Mr. Ward, from whom we rented a room for a month at one and one-half times the usual rate, that we were going to leave and now we are living in a tent until time to start for the placers.

Even now it is so warm that I have retired to the office of de France —which fortunately costs him nothing—to write this. He already owes rents to Mr. Chauviteau, which he has promised to pay when he has funds. But as he will never have any this proprietor will probably have to wait with the others. Much to my surprise this rascal was not malicious and cruel to the curé.

I wish you could have seen what I saw to-day at the offices of Green & Hodden, San Francisco business men, and jokingly called a California vegetable—a gold-nugget found in the Sonora placers weighing 22 pounds and 2 ounces. It was purchased for ten thousand dollars. Out here, at least, they lose no time!

Fitzgerald, a passenger on the *Cérès,* who took Valet and Dr. Daing to the mines located on the South Fork of the Yuba River, got back to-day and when I ran across him on the streets he told me he had seen a mule loaded with two hundred pounds of gold that a single individual had taken out in a few months. I am surprised all heads are not turned at such amazing opportunities. True, this is exceptional and in addition to this fortunate miner, Fitzgerald, there are many others less robust, less lucky, and less energetic whose day's work runs from one ounce all the way down to nothing. In the majority of the placers the daily profits of a miner are computed to be from four to five dollars.

A tragedy that has just happened in one of the most influential American families in San Francisco has cast a pall over the entire city.

I heard the details from the curé on whom Oscar de Gaulne and I were calling. Several years ago Frank Ward, a member of the Ward family of New York consisting of three brothers, Frank, James (whose room I rented) and Charles—fell in love with a rich New Yorker, whom he could not marry because of the difference in their standing. Disheartened, deeply in love, and full of ambition and courage, he left for Mazatlan, Mexico, with his two brothers.

There he established a banking house which prospered from the day gold was discovered in San Francisco [!]. Chartering a ship they came up the coast and landed in San Francisco with a load of provisions and a supply of currency at the most opportune moment. Speculating in lands toward the end of 1849 the three brothers found they had amassed a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars.

Frank then returned to New York and offered the young lady his heart and fortune. This time both were accepted. Not long after the marriage was celebrated the happy couple came to San Francisco. Within two months the young bride died, leaving the husband inconsolable. Three months after this tragedy land values began to drop, and Frank suffered severe losses. In a moment of discouragement he shot himself in the head. The doctors say he may recover but even so he will lose an eye and be permanently disfigured. Feeling over this grave tragedy has run high particularly as there have been few deaths in the American colony. In most instances a death or complete ruin would not ruffle them; they would simply go out faster than ever after another fortune and another woman.

My friendship with Abbé Doubet has been kept up as much through sympathy for him as for self-protection. He has merchandise of mine worth ninety dollars which he hopes to pay for when I return from the placers. In selling goods off hurriedly it is necessary to run some risks. What he has are mainly images, crosses, rosaries, medals, tacks, nails, and bedding. I also got him some workmen to help build his San Rafael parish.

He is so intelligent I cannot help but believe he is honest, that he will succeed, and that I will be paid off. Otherwise this merchandise will be a dead loss, for it has no market out here, and will have to share the fate of the rest. Before he left to build up a parish and a following I invited him to breakfast. I do not expect to see him again for another six months when I go to collect for my trinkets.

Every day I meet some new refugees, stranded out here in California. To-day I met a Mr. de Homfrey, a gentlemanly Englishman. Misfortune seems to breed confidence. At a first meeting and upon the slightest acquaintance you will be told an entire life-history—true or

false—and why France was left. Usually the sons of good families, men who have been more or less well brought up and educated, feel they must justify their presence out in a country which is the refuge of filibusters, outcasts, and scoundrels of all nations. Though natural enough this is utterly useless, for troubles too frequently fall on indifferent or even incredulous ears. An outstanding fact about all these emigrants is that while they leave their country regretfully and affectionately yet they always bring their conceit with them.

All this is ably confirmed by the following story of a merchant out here who in 1838 left home—he did not say whether it was due to politics, passions, or financial troubles—and went out to Egypt at the head of a party of Maronites and made war against the Pasha. For his courage and services rendered in this insurrection he received from the local government the title of Emir and in 1840 was employed by the sultan against the Egyptian Pasha.

But subsequent treaties wrecked his career which, if not bereft of danger, at least had its picturesque angle, stimulating his ambitions and satisfying his longing for activity. He returned to France where, up to 1849, he lived an obscure existence which he never mentions.

Toward the end of that year he came to California with a capital of some two thousand dollars. He tried his hand at everything. At the placers his mining was a failure. Out there he fell ill and, having exhausted his capital, returned to San Francisco, broken in mind and body. He is now leaving for the Hawaiian Islands where he hopes to develop and plant some acreage for the ruler of Hawaii and instead of being Emir he plans to become a gardener.

This same Mr. de Homfrey, who is quite distinguished looking, must have had great sorrow in his lifetime to judge by his slow steps, his bent figure, and his face which bears the marks of sorrow and disappointment more than age. He has an air of resignation about him much like that of a man who is about to put his last penny and his last drop of blood on the red or the black. May the wheel of fate be propitious, for his appearance and his voice arouse sympathy in me which I cannot evade.

Quite the opposite feelings were inspired by the tales of Mr. de Lamolère of the *Cérès*. He must lack judgment, or be devoid of common sense to discuss his past as naively as he did with me recently when he told me he came to California because his father was in love with his mistress and that he had been forced to leave the paternal roof. A quarrel having come up between him and his father the result is that he is going to lose the major portion of the paternal heritage which he had counted on to make up the losses he had suffered in some

agricultural venture. This fact is not in itself surprising, but what does astonish me is that he tells a stranger about it.

Our own dailies are full of worse scandals than this, yet details are not known to the public; it is considered cowardly to air family skeletons, particularly for a son to accuse his father and discuss his private affairs with a stranger except under extenuating circumstances, even if Lamolère Senior is brutal, bitter, bestial, and careless of his words and deeds. I predict that the young man cannot carry on a successful business out here.

Our Consul, Mr. Guy, has neither the funds, time, nor character honorably to hold the position he is occupying. The customs have seized goods of his valued at three hundred thousand francs, so it is rumored, and are keeping one-third of it. Another third has been broken or damaged, while the remaining third, though salable, is of little value owing to the fact that business is dull and so many large shipments of foreign merchandise have come over.

As he must keep up his position and needs from thirty to forty dollars a day for running expenses, his salary is hardly adequate. For this reason he has had to raise money from outside sources. It is now said that he is ruined and that he leaves on the next steamer for Panama, both to get away from a disastrous bankruptcy and an onerous consulship.

Before we start off for the mines we shall have a chance to participate in one of the municipal election battles and see how officials are elected. For the past few days the city has been in an uproar with mass-meetings, public speeches for and against candidates—where there is tremendous applause or long drawn-out hissing—and processions flying banners bearing the names of the favorites. The day after there is equal enthusiasm for opposing candidates and, as the mob is made up largely of paid and half-drunk supernumeraries, many of them cheer the candidate of both parties.

You might think these drunken inflamed crowds parading, carousing, quarreling, eating and drinking night and day, were either inseparable friends, or irreconcilable enemies. Such is not the case. They were merely being paid to walk, shout, and get drunk and so they paraded, shouted, drank, and jostled the crowds. But after this was conscientiously done, the election over, their wages paid, and the wine put away, the city resumed its calm and everyone went about his own business. The opposing factions in the city extended the olive branch while promising to repeat the semi-comedy at the next elections. However, by that time popular opinion respecting the candidates will no doubt have shifted and the hero of to-morrow may perhaps be the very one who lost heavily at to-day's elections.

My party is finally ready. Our location has been selected as well as the ship on which we have booked passage. We are going to the Trinity River on the ship *Hector* of one hundred and fifty tons, owned by Sullivan and Booth. I have guaranteed to furnish the passengers. Five of us are starting off together, our one idea being mutual aid and cooperation in working the placers if it seems expedient. These arrangements were made largely for Naudet who wishes to join Veron, Pidaucet, and me. Whatever motives I might have for leaving these fellow-passengers from the *Cérès* I shall never abandon the last two members despite the erratic character of my cousin and the inherent worthlessness of my workman.

Having laid in our slim supplies of provisions, tools, ammunition, arms, camping equipment, a boat worth about two hundred and fifty dollars, and the sum of one thousand francs which we are taking along for emergencies, we are now ready. In addition we have some two hundred and eighty dollars worth of merchandise left which could be cashed in for at least one hundred and fifty dollars, and two lots of nominal value.

After talking with de Gaulne I gave into his keeping our surplus funds and our valuables. I also gave him the right to take in any goods that might arrive while I am away at the mines on this one condition: that on any funds he is obliged to advance me on short time, commensurate interest will be paid for the time the money is in transit at the rate of 6% a month. As a rule the current rate is 10% a month, with a security of buildings or merchandise. So I think I have made an excellent and far-sighted as well as a safe arrangement, for it is well known that de Gaulne and Mr. Chauviteau are about to form an association.

I am leaving for an indefinite period in which many things may happen and as I may never return alive from this wild and savage country I thought it best to give you some addresses in San Francisco where you could write in case of emergency and get some trace of me. They are as follows: the Consulate; the firm of de Gaulne and J. J. Chauviteau; Pioche and Bayerque;[11] Mullot and Callot, L. Bossange and Colliard; and Gardet at San Francisco.

The *Hector* sails tomorrow morning. Adolphe de Finance is preparing to come overland in a short time and join us. He is detained here for the present. This will be a hard trip for him with no roads and guides and over an unknown country. I offered to advance him

[11] Pioche and Bayerque had their store on the north side of Clay Street just below Kearny.

the price of his ticket on the *Hector,* but he is so diffident that he will not accept.

So far, dear cousin Charles, I have given only a brief sketch of the more superficial aspects of this future Queen of the Pacific during the winter of 1850 when she was making her bow to the world. I cannot say whether my sketch is an absolutely true one but if the original is not flattering do not blame me, for this is exactly the way she appeared to me from my particular point of vantage. But in all fairness I must praise, in concluding, the saner side of this young and eccentric city.

Some Jesuit Fathers who came out here in 1842 [1848] conceived the idea of building a Catholic Church as the population, already large, had no suitable place of worship. As lands were high, wages out of sight, and money scarce, as soon as they arrived they started a subscription list which met with unexpected success. Among the subscribers the Protestants contributed one thousand dollars. Where, in old world annals, could you find a similar instance of religious tolerance?[12]

With this pertinent question and with my own personal admiration for this new city I must bring to a close this fourth chapter of my adventures. I am beginning to feel the need of coming into closer contact with nature to heal my wounds, born of the trials and tribulations which have beset me since the day I landed in San Francisco, and I hope to acquire fresh strength by coming into contact with Mother Nature in her most primitive state, to study the Indians who are our closest representatives of pre-historic man, and above all else, to search for and find some gold-nuggets.

---

[12] Fathers Langlois and Blanchet founded St. Francis Church on Vallejo Street in 1849.

JAMES CLYMAN

His Diaries and Reminiscences

(Continued)

[*Along the Willamette in 1844 and 1845*]

It Commenced Raining on [Oct.] the 21 which is Earlier than usual From the 13th to the 22nd remained at the falls of Wilhamett or in the near vicinity when Three of us precured a skiff and made an excursion down to Fort Vancouver

This great depository of goods and peltries for all the Indian trade west of the main range of the Rocky mountains stands on a gravely plain on the north side of the Columbia River and about five miles above the upper mouth of the Wilhamet and is situated bearly above extreme high water mark

The Fort itself is a wooden stockade and contains in its inside the companies store all the officies of the company and a complete Quadangular row of Buildings for servants &c which like the outer works can be closed by port doors at pleasure all in a good State of repair & kept clean and neat

The present incumbent Doct. [John] McLaughlin received us verry hospitably and intertained us in the most kind genteel and agreeable manner during our stay at the Fort giving all the information desired on all subjects connected with the country but seemed anxious that greate Brittain might retain the north of the Columbia river saying that it was poor and of little use except the Fur and peltries that it yealded this may or may not be the fact[112]

25th On our return from Vancouver the morning being pleasant I took my gun and left the skiff to the management of my comrades and landed on the western shore of the Willhamet I soon found a stripe of open Prarie land overflown in high water but now dry and pleasant walking with here and there a pool of mud and water which has stood the drough of summer These pools or ponds are now overgrown with several kind of vegitation and (and) litterly and completely covered over with water fowl of various kinds from the nobl and majestick swan down to the Teal & plover For miles the air seemed to be darkened with the emmenc flights that arose as I proceeded up the vally the morning being still thier nois was tumultuous and grand the hoarse

[112] McLaughlin's protests were unavailing. A number of the 1844 immigrants established themselves north of the Columbia, being the first Americans who settled there.

shrieks of the Heron intermingled with the Symphonic Swan the fine treble of the Brant answered by the strong Bass of the goose with ennumerable shreeking and Quacking of the large and Smaller duck tribe filled every evenue of Surrounding space with nois and reminded one of Some aerial battle as discribed by Milton and all though I had been on the grand pass of waterfowl on the Illinois River it will not begin to bear a comparison with this thier being probably Half a Million in sight at one time and all appearantly Screaming & Screeching at once

26 Arived at the Falls again the las week being showery.

27 Sunday Fair and warm wrote to H J Ross[113]

[Clyman's Letter to Ross]

COL. CLYMAN. — Most of our readers in this vicinity, and particularly those who are old settlers, remember Col. James Clyman, one of the earliest settlers of Wisconsin, and they know also that a year ago last spring the Col. started with an emigrating party to Oregon. A few days since Mr. Hiram Ross received a letter from the Col. which we subjoin. We are confident that we could not give place in our columns to any thing that would be more acceptable.

Willamet Falls, Oregon,
October 27, 1844.

I arrived here on the 13th day of the present month, having been on the way 151 days from Independence, Missouri, which was at least one month longer than were the last year's company of emigrants. This was owing to the unusual rains that fell during the first two months after our departure from Missouri.

My health is good and has been during the whole route. The health of the small party that accompanied me is also good. The last thousand miles no interruption from the Indians took place, nor did even a shower of rain fall to lay the dust.

None of the families have yet arrived. The foremost are expected to reach this neighborhood in about a week. The last range of mountains, called the Cascades, have never been passed with waggons. We were five days passing over this range of mountains, and found it by far the most difficult and fatiguing part of the journey, both for ourselves and our horses. The mountains extend to within a few miles of this place. The range runs nearly north and south. The Willamet is on the west side of the mountains. The Columbia breaks through from east to west; it has a number of dangerous passes, and two falls that cannot be passed by the lightest canoe. Our families, waggons and

[113] This letter, which follows, is quoted from the *Milwaukee Courier*, Aug. 13, 1845.

baggage were carried around the falls; the portages however are not lengthy.

The settlements of this Territory appear to be in a good and prosperous condition. Even the last years' emigrants, some of whom have not been more than 9 or 10 months on their new farms, have plenty for themselves, and some to spare for their countrymen now on the way. Of bread, beef, fish, and potatoes of a superior kind, we have plenty. The three first mentioned articles are exported. The Brig Columbia is now freighted with wheat and flour, and will sail in a few days for the Sandwich Islands. A probable trade with the Islands is already commenced. From us they receive wheat, flour, beef, pork and lumber. In return we receive from the British, Chinese & American manufactured articles; and molasses, sugar, coffee, and rice, the growth of the Islands.

Standing in the door of my present lodgings I can count sixty-two buildings. They form the present village of the city of Oregon. Timber and lumber lay scattered about for more buildings, say 8 or 10. Several other villages, (one or two of them I have seen) have some pretensions to future greatness, but are quite small as yet.

The Hudson Bay Company transact nearly all the foreign and domestic trade. The Company derive great profit from the business, and at the same time accomodate the inhabitants of the Territory, who are all agriculturists and mechanics without capital sufficient for commercial pursuits. On our arrival we found the country dry and parched. We have recently had a week of warm rainy weather. The grass has commenced springing up and looks much like our Wisconsin prairies in May. The leaves of such trees as shed their foliage are yellow and beginning to fall. The kinds shedding the leaf are oak, a species of maple, alow [willow?], box wood, hazel, elder, &c, all small and scrubby, compared to those in the states except elder and alder, which here grow quite large. Notwithstanding the ease with which the necessaries of life are acquired, I never saw a more discontented community, owing principally to natural disposition. Nearly all, like myself, having been of a roving discontented character before leaving their eastern homes. The long tiresome trip from the States, has taught them what they are capable of performing and enduring. They talk of removing to the Islands, California, Chili, and other parts of South America with as much composure as you in Wisconsin talk of removing to Indiana or Michigan.

Almost the first man I met on my arrival, was J. M. Weir formerly of Indiana, who served with me in the Rangers. I also hear of Lan-

caster Clyman,[114] *who is married and settled some 40 or 50 miles up the Willamet. I expect to see him this week. It is said that he is doing well.*

You recollect the large stories we used to hear respecting the immense size and height of timber in this country. The largest timber I have seen is an evergreen of the fir kind. One tree that I measured a few days since, is six feet four inches in diameter and 268 feet long. The tree was felled with an axe last summer. The firr is of two kinds, white and red; both good for timber and lumber, and generally splits easy, making the neatest rail fences I have ever seen; it has the appearance of being durable. This is the season for sowing wheat; all the farmers are busily employed, it having been heretofore too dry to sprout the grain. The farmer can sow wheat from August until June, with a certainty of reaping a fair compensation for his labor. The straw of that sown in May grows very short which renders it difficult to harvest. That sown early and in good order grows large and long, measuring 5 and 6 feet, and in some extraordinary cases, it has been known to measure 7 feet in length, with a proportionable length of head. The grain or berry of all that I have seen is remarkable for its round plump form.

The small Canada corn comes to perfection; oats likewise grow well; Irish potatoes are of a fine quality and yield abundantly. The streams I am told never freeze over, nor does the snow cover the ground more than 3 or 4 days at any one time during the winter. The open or prairie valleys are small, almost all the uplands are covered thickly with the loftiest firr. The earth is thickly covered with bogs, underbrush, and the male fern called by some brake. It grows in many places up to my shoulders, and so thick that I found it impossible in some instances to break through it.

I have crowded all I could on one sheet which I send by Mr. Perkins of the brig Columbia, bound to Oahoo on the Sandwich Islands, whence I hope it will find its way by the whalers to Boston or some other port in the States. You may not hear from me again until I reach California.

JAS. CLYMAN.

---

[114] This may be James Clyman's brother. His name appears in Bancroft's list of the 1843 immigration as "L. Clymour."

[Continuation of the Diaries]

28 The morning Foggy day Fair

29 Slight Showers through the night and in fact continued all day

30 Rained all night slight showers through the day

31 Riany and windy most of the night the winds so far from the S. W. morning still and foggy But cleared off in the Forenoon & continued clear & warm all day

1844

Friday the 1st November fair and warm the Hazel & willow begining to shed their Leaves

2 Left the falls & rode out westwardly 20 miles to the Twalitine Plains over an undulating Firr Plain in many Places Quite open soil a dark red clay the planes themselves are fine open Prarie of good deep clay Loam solil Staid with a Mr Pomroy [Walter Pomeroy] who has a farm of 180 acres in cultivation this day was fair

3d it rained several Showers through the night But cleared away in the morning Passed nearly through the Twalitine settlements containing about Sixty families all appearing in a thrifty condition thiere farms on rich smoothe clay Prairie Had a Beautiful view of Mount Hood clothed in his white mantle of snow & Looking out far above a girdle of clouds that wrapd. his icy sides.

4 Pased through several Beautifull small Praries most of which are claimed & on [which] some fair sized Farms have commenced which shew that the occupants have been handsomely Rewarded for their labour crossed the three Branches of the Twalitine River all narrow streams but deep as our horses had to swim and we passed over on some (of) long Firr trees which had been felled across them Pased through the Chehalem vally a high open vally about a mile wide extending from the South Branch of Twaletine to the Yam Hill river which is likewise a Tributory of the wilhamet this vally is bounded on the east with high rounded rang of hills well set with fine green grass and covered thinly with short Junts of shrubby white oaks on the west it rises up into a much higher range of hills thickly cowered with tall Firr timber

5 Crossed a range of high rounded hills covered with excelent grass and whare it had been burned 16 or 18 days it was now green and fair pasturage that which had not been burned of was likewise green & good grazing crossed the Yam Hill Rivir about Twelve Rods wide deep & navegable for smal Boats haveing a range of new farms both up and down on the Prairies near the stream came up in the

evening at Mr. Mannings[115] who came out with the last years emigration but who has a fair start for farming haveing raised about 300 bush of wheat sown in May last on new Broke Prarie In crossing the Hills spoken of we passed immediately through several clouds or banks of thick misty fog so thick that we could not see scarcely two rods around us and nearly dark as night & when all at once we passed out into open Sunshine immediately around us the Fog being above below and all around us in thick dark fleecy clouds arising into the upper atmosphere and passing off to the N. E. and reathing around the lower parts of Mount Hood while the top appears to enjoy almost an Eeternal sunshine to give Beauty to its glaziers

6 spent the day with Mr Manning it rained all the afternoon walked around with our guns But had no success in hunting the deer appear to be plenty But confined themselves to the thickets which are allmost impassable through this whole region of country

7 Showers of Rain fell during the Day

8 Cloudy without rain a white frost last night

9 some rain last night with slight showers through the day— visited several Neighbours all Buisy and appear to be doing well though several are dissatisfied and talk of callifornia

Sunday the 10 A Dense Fog covered the whole vally of the Yam Hill & Willhamet rivers and fell almost like a rain about noon the fog arose & we had a Bright sunny after noon walked out over a fine rounded ridge covered with green grass now springing up Beautifully & haveing the appearance of wheat fields in the states at this season of the year from the top of this ridge I had a Beautifull extensive view of the yam Hill Streching away to the N. W. untill it mingled with the Brown roling oak hills rising into the dark green Firr mountains beyond the vally itself covered in a young growth of green grass the old haveing been burned off not exceeding Thirty days [ago.]

Turning to the East N. E. . & S & S. W. lay the wally of the wilhamet skirted with irregular Stripes of green Prarie lately burned off white not burned Brown oak timber yallow cotton wood the leaf not yet shed & deep grien the Firr an evergreen all handsomely Blended and extending Beyond vision near the cascade mountains whare a Blue Streak of Fog lay impenetrable to the sight

11 Morning thick with light Shower of rain greate Quantities of wild geese seen flying & feeding on the young grass of the lately Burned Praries which are Quite tame & easily approached on horse back Light showers of rain fell during the day

---

[115] John and James Manning came in 1843.

12 Still continues showery The restless waves of the Pacciffic ware distinctly heard at early daylight distan[ce] I could not assertain In the afternoon Several rapid Showers of rain fell

13 Continued Showers

14 A strong south wind blew all night with rapid shower of rain continued to rain but slaked off in the Evening

15 The fog hung aroud the Hills until about noon when it arose and the sun broke through the mist I again walked over the green hills which ware here and their dotted with cattle and horses feeding on the young grass now about three inches high and thick and as thrifty as the summer groth of the western Praries Likewise greate Quantites of water fowl seen on the low ground such as geese duck Brants and Cranes makeing fine amusement for the Sportsman

The grass does not coat as thick no[r] as deep on the earth as in the western Praries but on the contrary turns up fine and loose after the Plow it is Likewise loose and soft to walk over and greately worked up by moles and mice and in many place by Burrowing squirrels which are now laid up being an animal that lies torped through the winter none are now seen although their has scarcely been frost enough to kill the tenderest vegitable The alder begining to shed the leaf

16 It rained moderately all night and continued throughout the day

17 Sunday Lowry in the morning greate numbers of Snipe seen on the marshes Continued Showers of Rain all day

18 A strong south wind blew all night with rapid showers of rain which continued at interavails all through the day the water Fowle continue to come in in great abundanc Scarcely a day has passed since the rainy season commenced that the Rain Bow has not been seen & some days have given us a shew of Ten or Twelve in the course of a day and at times Three or Four in one hours time large and Beautifully curved and coulored

19 As usual it continued to Rain at intervals through the night the wind however veered to the west

20 The night Passed off without rain the morning a thick [mist] covered the vally with Fog about noon It commenced raining moderately and continued to rain the rest of the day

21 The Bats seen flitting about seeking their food every evening The wind from the South it rained all the latter part of the night Scattering portions of our Emigration comeing in through the rain mud and water completely prostrated and tired out

22 It still continues to Rain

23 Still continues to Rain but more moderately than the two preceding days in the evening the wind veered to the west and it ceasd raining

24 Sunday Thick and cloudy without rain the cranes leaving for the South rode out five of six miles throug the vally of the yam Hill river in many places the young grass was waveing in the wind thew hole country clothed in young green grass

25 A strong south wind with thick mist desending at intervals from the southern mountains

26 As usual a strong south wind with rain

27 The south wind with its regular attendant rain still continues the waters much swollen and all the Lowlands overflown and covered with water Fowl fine for the sportsman I had been led to believe from previous information that the winter rains had not yet commenced on the 21 of October But all the old residents ware mistaken for once

28 A Bostirous stormy night the wind shifting to westward Blew a perfect Hericane nearly all night with rapid showas of rain This morning however the sun shewed his countanance mild and pleasant after his long absence a few light showers of rain fell during the day

29 The sun shone nearly all day and the green hills shewed to greate advantage A light white frost this morning all the streams swollen out of their banks Lots of Cranes seen to day moveing southward This country has to me a strange but not unpleasant appearance for the season the grass nearly as forward as June in Illinois and waveing in the wind dotted with cattle and horses feeding on the young grass the mountains to the E however in many places are white with recently fallen snow the alders and other timber that shed the leaf are now nearly bare

30 Cloudy but not foggy as usual Mount Hood and some other snowy peaks shewed themselves at early Light but ware soon Shrouded again in fleecy clouds the wind from the south with its constant attendant rain in the afternoon

1844 Sunday Dec. the 1 It continued to rain in showers through the night a thick rainy morning wind S. it continued to rain through out the day in Showers the hills slipery and the vallies muddy our Emigration getting in nearly drownd and suffecated in mud this season said to be the most rainy of any yet seen by the present inhabitants

2 Several showers of rain fell during the night and the morning

thick and cloudy the sun broke through the clouds in the forenoon slight Showers with numerous rain Bows during the day full and Beautifully couloured this is certainly Extraordinary weather for Latitude Forty six and seven

3 Continued showers of rain

4 Same I noticed that Horses and cattle do not appear as gentle as in the states owning no doubt to the want of being handled suffiiciantly but animals have the inclination to go wild in a climate whare there is no winter and are not dependant on their owners for forage but seek their own living at all times & all seasons

5 It did not rain last night and the morning was clear the Cascade mountains shewed off Handsomely in their white and green drapery it remained clear all day but so moist is the Earth and atmosphere that the dew did not dry off of the green grass even on the Hills The water in the river falling and the low grounds begin to shew themselves greate Quantities of water Fowl still seen on the praries

6 a rainy Morning Caught what is here called a gopher or Camace rat [*Thomomys*] a Burrowing animal living underground much like a mole. This animal measures 14 Iinches in length exclusive of the tail which is 5 inches long round and without hair coulour a pale purple or mouse colour except the feet which are white and delicately made The Body heavy strong built mouse eared eye small and black hair fine like a mole head large and strong 2 Large strong teeth projecting far forward from both the upper and under Jaws the skin of the head loose and capable of moving forward and forming an extensive pouch around the front teeth the hole to the mouth small and the mouth itself small and far back into the throat whare are a set of fine teeth five to each side 20 in all

This animal makes its living on roots and is rarely seen above ground excpt when driven out by high wates

7 Light showers of Rain wind South as usual when wee are sure of rain More or less numerous rain Bows seen to day

Sunday

8 Morning fair with as light white frost and extremely heavy dew which hangs in large drops even on dry shrubery

9 Several Showers of rain fell during the night and a thick foggy morning fleecy clouds of fog asending and Decending all through the day

10 Bosterous windy rainy night But a fair day

11 A Rainy night which continued thouout the day Considir-

able injury was done by the late Freshet heard of 1000 or Twelv Hundred bushel of wheat being lost in the graneries on the low grounds of the Wilhamet Likewise large lots of fencing & in some instances hogs and other stock being drowned or carried away by the water

12 A light white frost this morning and a pleasant fair day verry still the waves of the paciffic heard distinctly most of our emigration arived at Fort Vancouvre

13 A thick Fog rests on the Earth this morning which continued all day But no rain fell The high water is still abating slowly in the river

14 Foggy and a thick mist rests on the face of the waters which are under the Firmament of Heaven continued thick and fogy all day But did not rain still without a breeze to tell the course of the wind

15 The Sun again Broke through the thick mist and removed a slight white frost which shewed itself this morning the fog however soon returned and continued floating around the remainder of the day

16 Thick and Foggy with a strong appearance of rain

17 It rained some through the night But most of the day was pleasant several light shower fell in the afternoon and shewed several Beautifull rain Bows

18 Rained nearly all days moderately untill evening when it slaked up for the present

19 A Rainy night and a Rainy day likewise windS.

20 The wind blew a gale from the S. W. all night and there is a slight appearance of clear weather this morning about 11 oclock the fog disperced and the sun broke out fine and clear Noticed young thistles strawberries and a thick groth of other vegitables beginning to start the grass dose not rise up but spread[s] itself over the survace of the ground much like winter grains in the states

21 A fine clear morning Black birds Snipes and other marsh Birds in greate numbers on the low lands this day was clear and fine throughout and remarkably pleasant

22 Thick and Foggy and the afternoon rainy

23 some light showers of rain fell during the night morning dark and cloudy Evening rainy

24 It rained nearly all night at early light we saw all the higher hills covered in snow but none in the vallies the most of the snow melted off during the day which was fair but not cleare

25 A Blustering windy rainy night succeded our Christmas and the morning was of the same meterial rain hail and snow with the usual

accompaniment a strong South west wind the hills whitened again with snow Continued showers of rain and hail and snow throughout the day which melted and disappeared as fast as it fell

26 A strong south wind all night all the new fallen sno has again disappearered

27 Considerable rain fell last night this morning however the clouds arose and gave us a view of mountains again which shew some of the recently fallen snow

Cloudy wind South and Quite warm both day and night

28 Night Rainy and warm Bats seen flitting about the house seeking their food continued to rain in rapid showers most of the day

29 Remains Cloudy with rapid showers wind south with an occasional shift to s. W.

30 No alteration but still continues to rain rapidly in showers wind South

31 Continued the same

1845 January the 1st

At Early day light it was Raining but slaked up at noon the wind veering to the west the afternoon was pleasant

2 no rain fell during the night the morning overcast but pleasant the day passed off without Either wind or rain and the Lowing of cattle and the song of several birds sounded not unlike spring

3 A Fair morning and Quite warm and pleasant if it was not for the water that almost covers the Low grounds wind southe I noticed my fine american mare this morning which was bearly able to walk on my arival here in october and is now in good work order without a particle of grain the evening colsed without rain

4 Cloudy wind South afternoon rainy

5 Sunday a rainy night and the morning ditto the rain slacked up in the afternoon

6 Morning fair which proved fair throughout the day and pleasant for Oregon in January

7 Overcast and cloudy

8 Morning Clear with a stiff white frost remained clear throughout the day

9 Foggy without rain helped to raise a cabbin in the neighbourhood the sun shone in the evening the melting off of the mountains occasioning a freshet in the river the old settlers say that this is the wettest winter they have yet seen some haveing been in country for 8 and 10 years

10 Fogy without rain the Earth becomming more firm as the

water leaves it the day closed without rain

11 verry much the same as yestarday wind South

12 Clear and Beautifull

[The following account is written in a different ink in a portion of another note-book, given by Clyman's hand into Book 4 of the diaries.]

[The Oregon Trail]

In passing thrugh this country on the usual rout no Land is seen that will bear cultivation after pass[ing] the main divideing ridge seperating the waters of the atlantick and the Pacific untill you arive on Bear River whare some small vallies of appearantly cultivateable land are found But here the winters are cold and occasionally deep snows fall Timber is also inconvenient none being found Except in higher and more ruged parts of the mountains there occasional spots of good timber occurs of Pine Firr & Cedar on the lower Hills. However considerable stocks of cattle might be kept on the vallies of Bear River and weebers river on the lower vallies near the greate salt Lake and a resting place might here be made that would verry much assist Emigrants and others passing to and from the states to all parts of the Pacific Country the rout to california would seperate from the rout to oregon at this settlment allso—Aand here should be a military post Estabilished and Perhaps [this] is the cheapest Place to support a Military Post on the Present rout if the head of the Lake dose not fall in to the Mexican Teritory A Low range of mountains divides Bear River from Snake River

Snake River Issues from the Mountains 80 or 100 miles above Fort Hall and soon passes out in to a wide vally being in many places from 40 to 60 miles wide mostly a dry arid sand plane covered with a Strong groth of wild Sage and prickly pears the lower vally However is well clothed with grass espicially on the moist ground and near the water [is] a thick groth of small willows with an occasional grove of cottonwood The Hudson bay co. who occupy Fort Hall keep a large Herd of cattl in this vally which do well and Furnish the fort with the fines of Beeff in the fall season These cattle as Likewise a large herd of horses live well through the winter without any food except what they obtain by their own industry on the Praries In the head or Eastern part of this vally stands the three Tetaws which are verry high steep conicle Mountains (the) appeareantly rising out of an undulated plain and so high that their summits are covered with Eternal snow and frost and may be seen from a great distanc from the S. W. and west The three butes Likewise stand in this vally nearly opposite or North of Fort Hall and are rounded Detached conicle Hills Likewise But of no greate

hight and are formed of roundeded water worn rock Clay Pumice stone and obesian [obsidian] the latter resembling Black glass which is here found in greate abundance and has formerly been the place whar the Natives manufactured great Quantities of arrow points and other instrument of ofence and defense the fragments of which Lay thickly strewn over the surrounding plain continueing down West from the Buetes you come to the most recent appearance of an active volcano that is to be seen in this volcanic region here all the rocks have been in a state of complete fusion and at so late a period that not a particle of vegitation has commenced to grow the Craters appear different from any that I have seen on Record these being holes in the vally all others seem to have arisen above the surrounding country the Scorie of these holes or creaters seem to have been almost intirely composed of compact granite and several of the holes are some hundreds of feet deep mostly of a circular form the edges tops sides and Bottoms formed of a raged Black slag and give a keen sonorous sound when struck togather the slag in many instances being Quite porus

The extent or number of these holes I cannot tell to any certainty but I should think they extended some 15 or 20 miles in Length in a N. E. and S. W. direction and from 6 to 8 miles cross wise none of which tract can be passed ove[r] with the utmost caution by a man on foot on account of the loose and raged form of the slag and the numerous rents holes pits and chasms which intersep[t] you in all directions In passing over this slag all the small fragmint that become detached drop immediately down and go gingling amongst the opposing rocks below sometimes to an immence depth before they find a resting place in fact I broke loose some pieces and thew them into the fisures which continued to strike and rebound untill they went intirely out of heareing near the western side of this field of Slag rises a ruged steep and high mountain composed of a rough greyish granite nearly Bear of vegitation and in many Places the field of Slag and the mountain approach so near that it was with great difficulty that our pack Horses could find sufficien[t] room to pass and near this western side I observed a greate many large masses of this granite rock s[t]anding in all inclinations between perpendicular and Horizontal and had the appearance of having been affloat in the liquid mass the more weighty parts having sunk and shot up the ligh[t]er end and the Slag cooling left the rocks as they are now seen standing the heat not being Quite entence enough to melt the whole mass on the under side of these masses However the liquidated slag is left hanging in greate Quantities of rounded globules Just in the form that they cooled some nearly Ready

to drop off numerous brooks and springs fall from the mountains in the slag and are immediately lost in the loose Slag and most probaby find their way into snake river some 60 or 80 miles S. W. whare a number of spings break out of the most magnificent kind and of the largest dimentions in beautifull gushes and columns of snow white spray some of these fountains throw several tuns of water per minuit cool & pure as crystal on the whole This valy presents many large and Spendid attractions for the Geologist as well as the almost unfathomable depth of the Kenyon that this river fall[s] into immediately below and which falls and cascades commence at the American Falls at the Lower end of the vally From the american Falls to Fort Boisie a distance of 300 miles you pass over a dry dusty and in some places sandy as likewise in many places Rocky country bearing but little grass or Timber wild sage Prarie thorn &c making the general vegitation Travelers usually pass through this region as fast as they conveniently can there being no game no grass of consequence Except salmon in their proper season when Quantities are taken and can be had of the Indians for a mere trifle while Fresh

Fort Boise stands on the North Bank of Snake River a few miles below the mouth of the Boise River the great Woile [Owyhee River] Falling in on the oposite side a short distance above allso the surrounding country dry and parched grass and Timber being verry scarce in the vicinity of the Fort and no cultivatiable land seen in the neighbourhood cnsiderable stocks of cattle and Horses find good grazing in the vicinity as I noticied the cattl in particular ware fine and fat several Butes of considerable hight rais their dark looking summits to the south W. of the fort and a range of bear moutains of considerable length and hight are seen to the S. and S.W. dividing the waters running into snake river and those runing into ogdens Lake and other parts of the vally of the greate salt Lake these mountains no doubt are connected withe the Blue mountains some distance to the west

some 50 or 60 miles below Boise snake River takes into the Blue mountains in these mountains is whare M^{r} Hunt M^{c}Kenzie and their party suffered so much as related by M^{r} Ervine [Irving] in his Astoria Nothing is seen in the shape or appearance of cultivatiable Land on the present rout For nearly 200 miles west of Boise when you arive near the (the) head of Powder River a small stream running East ward into snake River and in full view of the Blue mountains you come to several small valies of fair soil and good grazing but no timber of use Except on the mountains. I do not think However that their is any Extent of arable land to be found here Two short camps brings you into the

grand round vally a Beautifull green spot in this region of interminable rocks dust and wild sage you are now fairly entered into the Blue mountains which Surround this vally on all sides the vally itself is nearly round and 16 or 18 miles across in either direction and has no doubt once been covered in water numerous small streams falling from the hills in all drictions and winding through the low grounds form a small River which has worn its way through the opposing rocks to a greate depth and takes a Northern course to the columbia as I am informed The winters are here Quite mild and the grass coming up in novembr remains green through the winter The Blue mountains are appearantly not verry high But the Ravines are steep and Rocky and generally covered tops and sides with a thick groth of Pine and other Eevergreen timber and Something the rise of 40 [more than 40 miles] across on the wagon trail which is a rough bad road for teams and scarce of both grass and water

The asent of these mountains on the western side is generally bear of Timber but thickly set with a nutricious kind of Bunch grass the utilla river running for some distance nearly paralell with the mountains on this stream (which in low water is a fine mill stream) is seen a narrow vally of good cultivateable soil bringing corn wheat & vegitables in good perfection The Skuse Indians cultivate some small spots which poduce well the usual rout passes down the utilla river to the columbia it is generally Believed that a greate number of small valies lie stiuated near the mountains on the South side of the (of the) Columbia but I saw no white man that had ever visited that region but I have no doubt of the correctness of this report Along and near the columbia River nothing can look more discourageing the river running in a deep chasm of nearly pependicular rocks Black and frowning with a scanty supply of grass and not a stick of timbr to relieve the continual monotony of Frowning rock or water with now and then a Field or mountain of sand to pass through Now having arived at the Delles whare you may rest a day or two with M^{r} Waller who is superintendent of the Methodist Mission at this place and is an accomodating man if he can be well paid but if you are scarce of funds you may hire an Indian to guide you over the cascade mountains or as we did guide yourself These mountains are 70 or 80 miles acoss by the way of the Trail verry thickly timber^{d}. and Extremely steep rocky and rough The columbia on its entrance into the mountains passes through a verry dangerous rapid called the delles whare the river is nearly choked by large masses of sunken rock which raise their black heads in the utmost confusion forming Tremendious whirlpools and are

nearly impassable in low water and in fact at all tmes some 50 or 60 miles below is the greate falls which are at all times impassable and whare a portage or two has to be made by all the watercraft passing the river this last fall occurrs 80 or 100 miles above vacouver from this fall the river is clear of obstructions to its mouth for small craft and its navigation would be good for stiam boats Likewise But no cultivateable land of any consequence is seen untill you arive in the vicinity of Fort vancouver whare the mountains recede and the coves and vallies begin to open out all the Best Prairies however are occupied by the H. B. C°. who carry on farming on a Large scale in the viceinity of the fort and in fact continue to extend their agracultural persuits as the Furr and peltries decrease The cascade mountains are one of the greate chain of mountains which strech themselves through nearly the whole length of North america commencing near the gulf of calliforni they keep a northern directon Divideing the Californian vally from the vally of the greate salt lake a chane however diverges from this chane some whare in Lower california and taking an Eastern direction bounds are greate salt Lake vally on the south and dividing that from thc vally of Rio colerado and continueing East and N.E. by the head of green & Bear rivers it unites with the greate dividing ridge near the head of snake River

The Blue mountain chane seperates itself from the Cascades near the head of the clamet and umqua rivers and perhaps for some distance Bound[s] the vally of salt or the greate salt Lake vally on the north to near the head of the Willhamet and river de Shutes whare the Blue Mountain chain inclines to N. and an other chain branches off to the East deviding the Greate salt vally from snake River and continueing E. and N unites with the last mentioned chain near the head of snake River also The Blue chain continueing allmost to the columbia then Turning short to the east snake river bursting through this chain in the curve fall[s] into the columbia the mountains continueing their eastern Direction dividing the waters of snake and Salmon Rivers unite(s) with the main chain also near the heads of the Southern Branches of the Missouri and North of snake River to These may be added a low chain of mountains linding on and near the coast of the pacific Broken through however by the columbia near the umpquaw the clamet and several other rivers

Having never traversed any portion of the country north of the columbia I will not attempt to give any discription of the mountains of that part of the country

The vallies are said by some to be good & are represented as being

quite large and finely clothed with grass at one of the H. B. Cos. Estalishments I am informed that Thirty thousand sheep are kept and in fact a greate number of Sheep and cattle are kept at all Their Trading posts north of The columbia and more paticularly on Peugetts Sound these sheep are of the spannish breed they yield a large fleece of coars wooll which is sent yearly to England and there manufactured into Blankets and other coarse clothes for the supply of their numerous Trading Establishments in all parts of their extensive trade to the north The H.B.Co. Likewise keep a steam Boat running in Peugetts sound to facilatate their (their) trad amongst the numerous bays and Isleands on that coast and carry on a profitable trade with their Neighbours the Russians on Both continents

The Navigation of the Columbia is not verry good and more particular neare the head of the Bay whare the channel is narrow crooked and interupted by Bars & sand banks

[A blank page]

[*Geography, Products and Government of Oregon*]

I now come to speak of the Willhamet vally in and near the mouth of this River are several Large Islands thise Islands are good soil and fine grazing but mostly overflow in the winter and spring freshets as Likewise do all the point of land forming the Junction a fine situation is found however immediately below the lower mouth of the Willhamet good water and a good landing but this place is not easily approachable by land and is far from any considerable cultivateable country The Killimook mountains approach nearly to the water on the west or right hand side of the Willhamet as you assend and all the uplands even to the mountains top are covered with a magnificent and lofty groth of Firr Timber These mountains Extend west to the coast and South nearly to the falls a distance of some 20 miles and are generally verry steep rocky and rugged the Tuallata River takes its rise in these mountains & Running S.E. and E. falls into the Willhamet 2 miles above the Falls on the Branches of this stream & nearly west of the falls lies Quite a large fine Prairi called the Twallata plains this beautifull plain contains upwards of 200 families mostly american

This Plain is a kind of cove or vally and is bounded on the N. N.W. and west By the Killimook mountains on the East by the Tuallatine Hills and the South by the Jahalem hills the last mentioned Hills are generally Beare of Timber and are excelent pasture lands passing South on the west of the Willhamet Jahalem or Chehalem vally occurs this vally is small compared to The Twalatine but contains some 30 or

40 Farms continueing south over a steep norrow range of Bald Hills an hours ride brings you to the Yam Hill vally or country and From off of the last mentioned you have no mountain or Hill to intercept the view the vally extending south as far as the farthest extent of vision the Mountains However bind you on the East and west that is the Cascades with their snowy peaks on East and the Killimook rang on the west This vally is here not short of Fifty miles wide and perhaps one Hundred and Fifty in length numerous Brooks and rivulets meander their way in various directions through the vally from the neighbouring mountains on either side of the Willhamet and when necessary can easily be converted into the means of driveing all kinds mchineery that be found usefull for a greate manufactureing communety

I will now take a glance at the willhamet vally on the East side of the river after passing the overflown Lowlands near the Junction of the Rivers an undulating or rather hilly Plain occurs covered with Large Firr and other evergreen Timber interwoven with Hazel Dwarf maple and other underbrush for 20 or 30 miles that is to the Klackimus a rapid rocky stream about 60 yards wide taking its rise from the snowy peaks of (of) the Cascades on this stream are several small Prairies as Likewise a fine Salmon fishery whare greate Quantities are anually taken at the Junction of this stream with Willhamet is a Bad shallow rapid Formed by the Rapid wash of the Klackimus as Likewise from the deposits thrown from the Falls of the willhamet (which) only one mile above [which] you Find the Praries untill you pass The Moleally rivir a Strong Rapid stream draining the snowy peaks of the cascades Likwise and entering willhamet 20 miles above or South of the Falls This stream [is] 60 or 80 yards wide and scarcely ever fordable But haveing passed this streame you immediately enter on the praries as Likewis the oldest and most numerous settlement in the Teritory this settlement composed of mostly French and civilized Indians is organized into a county called Champooick and contains the catholick and Methodist Missionary station in this vally of which I shall speak Hereafter From the Moleally the Praries Extend south perhaps 200 miles to the Kalapooya mountains this range which I shall speak of again divides the Willhamet vally from the Umpqua vally From the commencement of the Praries the Settlment Extends to the Santaam one of the principle Tributaries of the willhamet a distance of some 50 miles

South of the Santaam the vally becomes verry Extensive and may be near 100 miles wide E. & W.

I now may speak of the govemment which is provisional and has only Existed for the year past The Executive has consisted of three persons one Elected as president the other two as assistants with a Ligislature consisting of nine members all Elected to serve for one year only and untill others are Elected and Qualified The Judiciary [consists] of one Judge and one shirriff who officiate throughout all the organized counties which amount to Five namely Clatsop at the mouth of the columbia Klackimus From the mouth of the willhamet to the Moleally on the E. side of the willhamet Twalata on the west side of the Willhamet shampooik on the E. and yamhill on the west no organization haveing taken place north of the columbia The present Laws However make a considerable change making but [one] govornor or Executive head with an increas in the Legislative Body of six members and a provision for a Militia organization

The Laws of Iowa have been adopted and a number of acts or Laws passed by the provisional Legislature of oregon The claim Laws allow every man 640 acres the claiman must build a cabbin on his claim within two months after his haveing taken possession and must be a resident by himself or by a Tenant his claim must be square or oblong the [lines] running North and South and East and West if the nature of the country permit By a Ressolotion of the Legislature last winter the provisional government is Extended over all the country East whose waters flow into the Pacific North to Latitude 54.[40] or the line agreed upon Between The United states and the Russian governments and South of Lattitude 42 or the line agreed upon between the United states and the Mexican governments Some alterations However will take Effect this season the Legislature will consist of 15 members and one governor in place of the former council of three The other officers cosist of one clerk of the court and one Treasurer Elected For one year Likewis and one Assessor the shirriff being Collector and here let me remark that The Hudson Bay company (have) whare their Intrest or Establishments have fallen into any of the organized counties have entred heartily into the organization themselves with all their influence amongst the French and Half Breeds and (and) their influence and Example has had a remarkable good effct and has assisted much to the Establment of the present Provisional government such as it is

The commerce of the country has been so far carried on mostly by the H. Bay Company and previous to the arival of the american Emigration of 1843 the country appears to have been well supplied with all the merchandize necesary for the population But since the

arival of the last American emigration goods have become scarce and the price nearly doubled

the closing of the Methodist missionary Establishment has likewise withdrawn a small but active capital from the trade of the country and at present I see no immediate prspects of the Establishment of capital in the country The Exports of the country consist mostly of wheat and Flour carried to the Paciffic Islands and the Russian settlement on this contiment this with fish and lumber taken to the pacific Island constitute the present commerce of the country with the white inhabitants the Indian trade in Furrs and peltres is exclusively carried on by the H. B. C°. The present cultivation of the country is confined to the raising of wheat and peas both of which grow to greater perfection here than any place I have heretofore seen and considerable Quantities of wheat is yearly wasted after furnishing all that is required for the Limited commerce of the country and for fatting pork for home consumtion in fact all the domastic stock that is fed at all is fed with wheat and wheat and Flour might and no doubt will in the course of time be Exported to an immence amount when the agriculture Trade and commerce of the country shall be properly opened and Encouraged Corn the western americans main crop dose not succeed well on accout of the coolness of the nights which are never warm even in the middle of summer Fruit apples pears plumbs peaches &c &c yeeld in profusion but are as yet of an ordinary Quality being small and hard Timber the most common timber is the Firr which grows in astonishing quantities and of immence size and Length many trees measureing over 100 feet of clear Timber and producing in good grooves From 20 to Thirty thousand Rails forom one acre and it is quite common for one man to chop & split 300 rails per day Labour is verry high common Labour commanding forom thirty to fifty dollars per month and mechanicle labor commanding from two to three dollars per day owing to the Kind of work and the Qualifications of the workman The pay however is in Merchandize of the produce of the country The nominal price of wheat is one dollar per bushel and merchandize at forom one to two hundred percent proffit I neglected to finish the article of timber on the oposite page after the Firr which is of two kinds the white and the red pine comes next in importance Thire is of this too speeces Like wise the yallow and the spruce pines Both growing large and plentifull in some districts while cedar grows in small Quantities and is found generally difused Hemlock is also found in the mountains The yew an evergreen Likewis is found in rocky situations a spices of Laurel also resembling the laurel

of the states in appearanc grows here to such a size as to make a valuable timber for furniture The oak is rather dwarfish and shrubly as Likewise is the ash but Enough of either is found for the impliments of husbandry and mchanical tools &c &c Two or three Kinds of maple is likewise found here but they do not grow generally large and thrifty

The Alder of this Tiritory is large compared to that seen in the states The Bark is used for Tanning leather & the wood sawn & used in making furniture for which purpose it is considered verry good several Kinds of [willows] are found some growing Quite large and in fact the willow seems to be more generally defused on all Kinds of soil than any other Timber

A species of Hazel is also very common and is the only tmbir found Sutable for hoop poles and is also the only Tree or shrub Bearing nutts the nut much resembling a Small Filbert

Considrable Quantities of Berries are found in their proper season The strawbery & Huckelberry nearly the same as in the States

A Species of Blackberry and Raspberry. Barberry verry sour. Thimble berry Fine acid. Sallal sweet & one or Two other Kinds of not much importance are occasionally found with goose beries and wild current make up the most of the Berries

The salmon Fisheries could and no doubt will at future period Be made an object of (and) an Extensive trade carried on in and through the productions of the rivers a small species of oister is found in some places on the coast but I could not learn that they ware plenty no other valuable Fish enters the rivers of This Teritory that I could hear of except salmon some whale are thrown on the coast every winter By the Storms

The seal is common on the coasts and in the bays and Rivers greate Quantites and greate verieties of water fowl is found in all parts of The open country during the rainy season such as the Swan the crane goose Brant and innumerable Quantities of Ducks with the wood cock and Snipe The soil is Intirely clay even to the elluvial lowlands on the streams The Bars However in many places is gravel

The Rock is of The dark rough Bassalt family and appears to have all been in a state of Fusion at some Remote period I did not heare of Lime Being found only at one place, That being near the mouth of the columbia What has been used Heretofore has been brought from the Isleands as ballast on board of vessels

I did not see or hear of any coal sand stone or any other stratified Rock but various Qualities of clays are found in greate abundance

The animals are Panthers several kinds of wolves The Black the yallow grey and spoted all large and traubelsome killing hogs cattle and even in some instances horses and mules The small Prarie wolf is likewise numerous I saw no foxes The Wild [cat?] is not numerous plenty of Elk are found in the mountains and deer in all the Thickets water fowl is plenty Beyond all conception in the rainy season all the Lowlands being litterly covered the[y] all move to the north and east during the months of April and May The Land Fowl are the Firr grous the Pheasant and Quail as kikewise the medow lark which are found in greate abundanc on the open lands a few of the Red brast wood pickers and sparrow are also seen The condor The Buzzard the Raven and crow with several speces of Hawks most of which are Plenty the Hawks feed mostly on mice & moles both of which are numerous

several Kinds of squirrels areseen all of which Burrow in the earth and lie torpid in the rainy season some lay up seed to live on others come out verry lean being nothing but skin and bone

The Quantity [of water] that pours from the mountains on either side in to the Willhamet vally is truly astonishing every 8 or 10 miles Brings you to a river and brooks innumerable I can give no Idea of (of) the length of This vally as yet but shall probably have a much Better oppertunity in our rout through and this will be seen in my day Journal

[Then follow six blank pages and a page containing the name:]

Elijah White
Lansing Ville
Tompkins Co
N. Y.

[This completes the matter on the leaves sewn into the journal. The diary then continues:]

13 [Jan. 1845] Slightly cloudy with light showers of rain or mist passing

14 It rained som last night But cleared off in the morning with a cool wind from the norgth

15 Clear and beautifull with a stiff white frost and some ice on Shallow water

I now witnessed the catching and branding of a lot of wild cattle about 500 ware drove in to a strong pound and 4 or 5 men well mounted rode in to the pound the animal to be taken being pointed out some one went full speed amongst the herd and threw a rope with a almost dead certainty a round the horns or neck of the animal the cord being made fast to his saddle Bow he stoped his horse and checked the speed of the animal and if his horse was not sufficiantly strong 3,

4 or 5 other men threw their cords on the animal then putting spurs to their horses they draged him out of the pound by main force and hampering his legs with cords they threw him then Butchered or branded him as the case might be

From information I found that in this settlement caled yam Hill their was owned and runing in the hills about Two thousand head of wild cattle and about as many called tame which tameness consists in thir being able to ride amongst them and drive them conveniantly nearly whare you wish the main bulk of these cattle are owned by Five individuals the other settlers being wrthless citizens or late imigrants which have but small stocks of Ten Twenty or thirty head

16 Cool and chilly light showers of rain and hail

17 Fogy with light misty showers of rain the [sun] shone the most of the afternoon

18 A Regular days rain

19 Same

20 Stormy with wind and rain

21 some snow fell on the mountains last night

22 continued Showers all night

23 Regular Showers in continuation

24 Showers grow lighter & less

25 Fine and warm and clear

26 Sunday morning pleasant continued fair

27 strong winds from the s. s. W. and W. with light showers of rain

28 Beautifull clear with a light frost we had a view of some of the mountains again during the day which had been closed for the last three weeeks with fog and rain

29 Wet snow & rain

30 showers wind variable s. SW and W.

31 Cloudy wind S.W.

Feruary the 1st 1845

Several showers of rain and wet snow & several rain Bows

2 The same wind S.

3 Thick and cloudy with a slight Drizzilling raian

4 Fogy with a tremendious heavy dew this morning wind South Afternoon clear and warm —

5 Morning Fogy afternoon clear

6 a white Frost cloudy

7 Fair and warm

8 Fair Balmy and warm

9 Same willows Alders & some other early vegetation beginning to Bloom

10 rainy

11 Fair But not clear

12 rainy

13 Heavy showers of Rain

14 Low grumbling thunder with rain

15 Rapid Showers

16 Same the earth covered with water

17 The rain ceased some what

18 Fair I noticed several of the Early summer birds ware chirping in the thickets

19 Cloudy Evening Rainy

20 same Showers

21 do do

22 same this day fulfills the four months rain and yet no emmediate appearance of clear weather

23 strong west winds commenced blowing last night and still continues attended with rapid showers of hail and rain

24 A stiff frost last night the day Quite pleasant but clou[dy]

25 Cloudy & cool

26 same with Showers of rain

27 Fair

28 Showers wind west

Satterday 1845 March the First clear and handsome and we enjoyed the fine day after the long rainy season which we hope is now passed away for this season the hills are now fast becomeing dry green and pleasant the grass which spread itself so nicly over the surface of the earth last fall is now beginning to shoot up and lengthen out

2 Clear and handsome

3 do wind West

4 Rain cold & Blustring

5 Clear cool N. wind

6 Clear with a white frost the Eternal snow cap^{t}. mountains glittering in bright sun Shine

7 Clear & Beautifull with a stiff frost

8 Fair wind west — —

9 Fair do N. W

10 Clear and fine Wind North

11 do do W North

12 Clear & Beautifull I had a Sunset view of the Cascade mountains binding the vally on the East for a great length and in their dark green livery with now and then a high peak shooting his white snow clad [head] far in to the regions of eternal frost while the lower vallies show all the active indications of spring or rather early summer

13 unusually Bright and clear the musketoes rather troublesome last night

Noticed 5 different kinds of small vegitables in full Bloom to day the [rain] on the first of this month leaving the low grounds nearly covered in water which has now all disappeared and left us fine smoothe Dry Prarie to pass over and the Plow is now running whare one week since it was covered in water

14 Clear wind north and verry d[r]ying vegitation comeing rapidly forward

15 no change Except the vally is some what Enveloped in smoke

16 same Quite warm

17 same do ditto The water fowl have nearly all left this vally and many of the summer birds Have arived and make the mornings cheerfull with their songs

18 Clear nothing can look more pleasant than clear weather does in this country the hils handsomly rounded smoothe and thickly clothed with green grass the sky intirely clear not a cloud to be seen but one continual bright sunshine from morning untill evening

19 Slightly Fogy wind west vegetation grows rapidly and a fair appearance of summer

20 Fair some appearance of rain

21 Fair I noticed the Maple and white oak bigen to shew the leak Strawberries in Bloom and the hills completely covered with small flowers mostly purple & yallow wind West & N.W.

22 Fair and pleasant

23 a heavy dew last night and a clear Beautifull day a person that has not seen this country can have no Idea of the verieties of Beauties Exhibited here in a clear spring morning

Attended divine service at a neighbouring house a decent behaved congregation of Gentlemen ware prasent But few Ladies the service was performed by a gentleman of the Mothodist persuasion who gave good advice had some tolerable Ideas but seem to want language to expess them in And I must say that female beauty is not (the) exclusively confined to any particular region or country for here too may be seen the fairy form the fair skin the dark Eye and drk hair so beautifully dscribed by Byron displayed in the person [of] Miss

smith[116] who I understood had traversed the interminable plains from the states here from here to Callifornia and from callifornia Back here again and is now Just swelling into womanhood with all the Beauties, if not all the accomplisments Belonging to the sexe

24 Clear & dry

25 A Light shower of rain fell last night which gives a deep colour to vegetation this morning the summer birds seem to enjoy the change by their buesy songs and continual chirping The hoarse notes of the firr grouse is heard makeing a Bass for the shrill medow larks trible

26 Clear

27 Clear a light shower of rain fell last night Coll light showers of rain fell during the afternoon

28 Called on Dr. [Elijah] White Indian agent for the Teritory found the Dr. a plasant companionable man makeing out his dispaches for the Express soon departing for the states by the way of canada on my way passed the methodist mission Established by Mr Jason Lee who like many others made an unhappy selection nearly the whole of the mission houses having been overflown by the freshets during the last winter and much of their fencing carried away and one thousand Bushel of wheat distroyed Mr [Alanson] Beers occupied the mission hous all the members of the Establishment being scattered and mission opperations all stoped the soil of the mission farmes is [good] but the place wants veriety being an uneven plain worn in gutters by the frishets from the river I did not heare of any advantages of any consequence that had resulted to the Indians from this establishment during its most flurrishing days but it apears that the most of the funds ware aprpopated to indvidual speculation The day proved disagreeable and severall rapid showers of snow fell during the day which melted as it fell

29 morning Fogy cleard about noon made preperations to go by water to the falls of willhamet

30 cloudy wind s.W.

31 Rainy arived at the Falls

Tuesday April the First 1845 The second term of the circuit court opened its session for the county Klackimus and was attended by a small genteel well behaved audience the Judge Mr [James W.]

---

116 Probably a daughter of Andrew Smith who traveled to Oregon from Dayton, Ohio, in Elijah White's train in 1842. He accompanied Hastings part way to California the next year but turned back at the Rogue River, returning to the settlements with Joel Walker. There were two other Smiths with Hastings but neither of them had families.

Nesmith charged the gran Jury in a short but appropiate address and here might be seen the greate and salatory effects of Temperance the Judge the sheriff and several of the Jurors having left the states their friend[s] society and civilization on the account of the demorilizeing effects of spiritous Liquor here whare no alcahall can be obtained they have become good intelegent industrious citizens accumelating property and filling the highes and most importent offices in the Teritory with honor to themselves and the country they now have become citizens of [Oregon]

2 Continues Rainy

3 Cloudy

4 Clear & warm Left the falls to assend the willhamet by water our small canoe being only large enough to carry two men and thir Baggage the rocks close in near to the waters edge for about three miles above the falls whare the steep cliffs begin to recede and (and) the vally opens out to a considerable width the Twalatta river enters 2 miles above the falls and tumbles through the rocks in a succession of rapids which renders this river intirely unfit for navigation even for a light canoe about one mile above the mouth of the Tuallata is a considerable rapid in the willhamet whare several boats laden with wheat have been lost during the past winter this rapid however is not dangerous in low water and may be passed by steam boats at common stage 10 miles above the Tuallatta the Molelilla river enters from the east heading in the cascade mountains and is about the same size of the twallatta measuring about 60 yards wide but the latter stream discharges double the water of the former and is scarcely ever fordable the Twalatta being fordable in many places when low made about 20 miles and encamped the whole of the country seen from the river is thickly covered with Firr timbr and impenetrable under brush

5 Clear and warm about 9 oclock arived at champoeg here a village is laid out but nothing doing in the way of improvement this place is a dry sandy level a few feet above high water and is Twenty five miles above the falls a settlement of about Two Hunded families of Half breeds and canadian French reside in the vicinity stoped with Mr Newel [Robert Newell] the propietor who has been one of the Rocky Mountan trappers and 4 years since gathered his posibles his Flat Head wife and changed his precarious mountain life for a more certain means of subsistance in the Willhamet vally and has had the honor of being one of the members of the provisional Legislature for the past year

6 Cloudy I noticed several Beautifull flowering shrubs in thickets now in bloom and a Beautifull species of Humming Bird Hovering around them several showers of rain fell during the day

7 Fair and warm wind South Doct. McLaughlin arived here from above Few men can out do the venerable Doctor for philanthopy urbanity and Social conversation Too much praise cannot be bestwoed on the venerable superintendant of the H. B. Co for his humanity and fostering care bstowed on the poor and wearied emigrants on their first arival in this country

8 Attended a convention for the nomination of governor and other Executive officers a Judge and several Military officers all apeared to go off fairly and without Difficulty The day pleasant and warm The Frenchman at whose house the convention was held has a beautifull young bearing apple orchard now casting the Bloom and shewing the young fruit

9 Clear and warm

10 Showery the hills which ware purple with flowers lately are now completely covered in yallow

11 Clear and pleasant

12 same A party for the states consisting of about 15 men assemble to day at the falls and will take their final leave in a few days

13 some showers of rain fell during the night the leaves on most of the Trees is now full grown

14 The morning clear I noticed severable fields of wheat narely knee high and many farmers have not commenced sowing as yet and some have not began to plow

15 Cool with light showers of rain mingled with hail The court for Yam Hill County met and adjourned without a case (bieing) being filed on docket

16 Cool and clear

17 Cool Light Showers

18 Cloudy most of the day

19 Clear with a cool Breeze from the N. W. Wholesome Exhilerating and pleasant to the lungs

20 A stiff white frost this morning cloudy & Quite cool

21 another white Frost and cool cloudy day greate Qwantities of geese and Brant passing to the N. at so greate a hight as to [be] allmost invisible allso greate Qauntities of Firr Grouse on the hills these grouse are fine eating & much resemble a Pheasant in appearance but are nearly double the weight of a Pheasant

22 Cool and Blustry after a rainy night

23 some Frost cool and clear

24 Rainy

25 Rainy The [sky] cleared off with a stiff west wind

26 Clear and fine

27 Cool and chilly clared off in the afternoon and shewed us the Low mountains covered white in snow a circumstance that hapened But one during the winter

28 The sun arose clear and splendid the afternoon was not so favourable for in swiming my horse over the Yam Hill river he got tangled in the willows near the shore and after a number of fruitly exertions to clear the brush and assend the nearly perpendicular bank he gave up to drown I swung from the canoe and taking the rope swam ashore one mor exertion with my help brot him out of the Brush and throwing the cord to the men in the canoe they landed safely on the oposite side we then mounted and rode Fifteen miles about 5 miles of which distance it Blew and rained without mercy and extremely cold directly in our faces

29 Frost this morning yestarday morning Likewise the day proved fair I staid last night with Mr Jacob Reed [Reid] who has a fine farm of 50 acres in wheat allthough he came to the [country] without friends in 1843 he has Likewise one of the most beautifull romantic building places I have yet seen in the country a clear spring of Limpid water breaking out in a grove of low gnarled oaks on a handsome assent surrounded by a high ridge of the same kind of land all smoothe and covered with a fine short grass surrounded by a much higher ridge of firr timber except to the west whare opens a rich level prarie sufficient fo a large farm the view bounded by the Killimook mountains at the distance of a few miles to the west

30 without Frost pleasant

Thirsday May the First 1845 Clear and pleasant wind west

2 Clear and pleasant The mountains have been hid in fog and clouds for some days past but opened handsomely to view again to day and seem to be covered with new fallen snow

3 Morning clear and cool with a heavy dew spent the day which proved to be verry fine in the novel occupation of dressing a Panther skin for a gun cover The forenoon was warm and sultry the sea brieze came up from the west early in the afternoon coal and pleasant and continued untill after sun set

4 Another clear day The oak leaves full grown and the oak is the latest of all the timber in this country goose Berries nearly

Large Enough for use The Farmers are still sowing wheat and will continue some time yet

5 Clear and warm to day commences the greate collection of wild cattle for the purpose of Branding and delivering all that have been solod or Traded for the last six months

6 same A Large dark cloud of smoke seemed to be hovering around the Icy pinicle of mount Hellen for some days past but whether it proceeded forom the crater or not I could not determin

the Hills have been for some days completely red with the clover now in full bloom

7 The wind Shifted to the south & it commenced raining in half an hour

the afternoon clear and cool went to M[r] Jays to see the branding and marking of wild cattle saw a pound full containing some 5 of 600 Head and 10 or 12 men on horse back Lassing and draging out by the saddle

8 Clear and cool Had a conversation with M[r]. [Henry?] Wood who had just returned from a trip to Peugetts sound he informs me that he assended the Cowletts river in a canoe some 25 or 30 miles & found the stream deep with a strong current avarage width about one Hundred yards The Cowlets vally and settlement commences (commences) 25 miles up this stream forom the columbia the river banks high and dry the country back rough and mountainous and thickly covered with timbe[r] the Praries openes out in the vally and are beautiful and rich soil Size of the vally some 40- to 60 miles wide and 60 to 80 Long about one third smoothe Prarie the other two thirds thickly covered with fine timber mostly Firr Two other rivers head in this vally to wit the Jahalis and Black river Both Emtying in to the Pacific North of the columbia and discharging narly the same quantity of water as the Cowletts

He Likewise passed over the ridge into the vally near Pugetts sound called the Nesqually vally this vally Extends beyond the strech of vision in all directions Except to the East whare it is bounded by the raged peaks of the cascade mountains through these However there is a good easy pass in the direction of Fort walla walla This last mentioned vally is well clothed in grass but timbr is scarce and but little seen excpt neare the mountains or bordering on and neare the streams this latter of a shrubby discription and not generally valuable the former good and valuable but in most places inconvenient

9 Visited M[r] Waldows settlement the day proved showery and disagreeable Mr. Waldow [Daniel Waldo] has made his selection

in the Hills deviding the waters of the Moleally and the Santiam rivers and was last season the only person in the colony who cultivated the hill Land and in this experiment he succeeded admirably a small settlement is now around him extending their farms in all directions over the most beautifull tract of country sinking and swelling in regular rounded forms of all immaginary verieties finely interspersed with groves of oak and Firr Timbr and numerous springs of never failing clear water in many insances bursting out neare the top of the hills

Mr Waldow has a fine stock of the best blooded cattle I have yet seen in the Teritory

10 Appearance of Showers and in this we ware not disappointed for a number of rapid Showers fell during the day I rode through the entire upper settlements on the East of the willhamet and was highly pleased with the beautifull veriaty of hill and vally so softly varied and intermingled with hill and dale as Likewis timber and Prarie all luxuriently clothed in a rich and heavy coat of vegetation and litterly clothed in Flowers the upland in yallow and the vallys in purple The Quantity of small flowering vegettiles is verry remarkable & beyond all conception

11 Clear and Fine some showers passed to the North

12 A slight Frost and a c[l]eare morning the afternoon cloudy

13 It rained moderately nearly all night It being the First warm pleasant rain we have had this season

14 The rain continued all night and all day likewise

15 Continues to Rain Moderately in the afternoon it ceased to rain

16 Morning clear and Bright Visited Dr White the [Indian Agent] and in walking over his farm we picked a few handfulls of ripe strawberries which grow here in greate abundance on nearly all the Prarie lands

17 Clear and Beautiful with fine warm weather My Dog had fine sport catching young Larks All those buisied in preparing for California who intend to make that trip this season the atmosphere verry clear & Bright

17 Same

18 Same spent the day in writeing an answer to some Queries propounded by D^{r} White who leaves for the states on the hopes of obtaining the gubenatorial chair

[Among the Clyman papers found in the attic of Mr. Tallman's house was what appears to be a contemporaneous draft of the document written for White. It is in ink, in Clyman's hand, on five leaves, similar to those of the diaries, and is sewn together and labeled:]

OREGON

In your Reqest of May the 16 you ask me what I Think of soil I Believe the Soil to be very productive which has been well proved in all Instances that has come under my observation and I am Free to [say] it has all the appeareances of being remarkably durable being formed allmost intirely of clay and decomposed vegitable matter

The climate is no doubt Beautifull Beyond all conception to an American in the dry season

The rainy season is verry disagreeable But the temprature is Remarkably even therer being no Intence warm weather nor extreme cold and this Equality of Temprature is no doubt conducive to health

Health. The Amercan and European population of this country seem To Enjoy remarkable good health in Fact far Beyond all my former observations considering the Hardshps and exposures they yearly undergo

scenery in this I know I shall want Language I[n] richness and veriety of Scenery this county cannot be surpassed assend one of your smoothe Handsomely rounded eminences and you have at once glance all the veriety of Scenery that nature ever produced six or eight Heaven towring peaks are visable at once covered in eternal Ice and snow thier ruged time worn sides softned by Distance. your eye desending the region of bear Rocks and Nightly Frosts in a Broad Belt around the Peaks attracts your attention with lower peaks of the same attitude Still desending long ranges of deep green Firr clad elivations of great veriety of shape and apearance Extend themselves to the right and left far beyond the strech of vision

The Eye still desending you catch the softly rounded grass clad hills with thier shrubby oak groves and Prarie vallies with various shades of green drapery untill at last your [eye] rests on the broad vally Striching itself paralell withe mountain here too you have the veriety of Timber and Prarie with all the meanderings of the large and small streams that wind and intersect the vally in all directions Bring your eye closer and you Distinguish farms and fields still closer and houses and herds appear and last not least of all a few horsemen are seen going like the wind over some smoothe Prarie and disappearing in an oak grove pardon me sir those rapid coursiers ware gentlemen and Ladies out on a ride of plesure

Timber Nature seems to have Reversed things allmost intirely here you have the noble ash. oak and maple dwindled down in to shrubs and dwarfs while the dwarfish Laurel and alder strech themselves up into valuable Timbrs and the still more dwarfish Hazel and Elder shoot up into usefull sized shrubs But the noble Firr of this country is beyon all conception there being Nothing in the states to bear any comparison But few of the Trees measuring less than 100 feet of clear valuable Timbr and many going Far beyond this length and in many instances yielding from Thirty to Forty thousand rails from an acre [The following is crossed out,—"on the whole I do not know that I can give you a bette discription than to quote of stanza of native Poetry

The Firrs their length their extrem hight" etc. etc.]

as to the Rivers streams and water courses of this country they are admirably adapted in many instances for Hydraulic porposes and may be generally verry cheaply used for all the necesary machienery that will ever [be] required for even an extensive manufacturing community

But for navegation the rivers are generally to rapid and too many and to great obstuctions to ever make the inland navigation cheap easy or safe

as to natureal advantages so far as Subsistance is concerned such of the Teritory as is cultivatible I have no doubt will yield Bountifully and many of the dry and arid portions would feed considerable numbers of the several kinds of domestic stock but taking the Teritory as [a] whole seven Eights of it is mere wast land and never can support a civilized population you must consider all my former remarks confined to the west of the cascade mountains

as to national advantages I concieve they must be but few allowing the

settlements of the East to Extend to the Forks of the River Platte then you have Twelve Hundred miles of dry arid mountain Region to pass to arive near the Blue mountain whare Settlements may again possibly exist with a verry few exceptions so that nature [has] thrown insurpassable objections to i[t]s becomeing an intergal part of the United states it may However and no doubt will strengthen the commercial relations with China Russia and the Pacific Islands and coasts

I am of opinion that a Section of Land ought and will be granted to all those who may be occupents of this Teritory at or before the time of the establishment of the U. S. claim or previous to the organization of a Territorial government on account of thier early movement. and unprecedented hard ships as Likewis on account of the encouragements By all the movements in Congress in relation to the settlement and occupation of this remote part of the U. S. Teritory

The appointment of officers I have allways been favourable to the appointment of official agents from the Neighbourhood or country whare their services ware required and I think in this country of all others a selection from her owm citizens would be best Quallified to give general satisfaction Both to the government and the governed

19 morning Quite warm the afternoon windy and cool

20 morning cool and clear the days begin to [be] verry long

21 raim and hail cool & windy & disagreeable the flowers of this region seem to be well filled with honey but the bees are wanting

22 Continues cool with light showers of rain & hail

23 Cool and clear with a north wind about this time the farmers begin to think that all their spring wheat should be sown & but a few are still sowing and the crop is never intirely all finished untill the first of June allthough you may commence sowing again by the first of august the rains haveing then intirely ceased the grain will not grow before october or when the winter rains again commence

24 Cloudy with the appearance of rain Received Letters of Introduction From Doct. M^{c}Laughlin and official Documents from Dr White directed to the authorities of California impowering myself to (to) inquire into the cause of the death of one of the Skyeuse chiefs[117]

---

[117] Elijah Hedding, educated son of the Wallawalla chief, Peupeumoxox, was killed by Grove Cook at Sutter's Fort in a quarrel over a stolen mule. After returning to Oregon the incensed natives threatened to lay waste Oregon and to invade California with a strong war party. White, realizing the seriousness of the affair, sent letters to the Secretary of War (quoted in White, *A Concise View of Oregon Territory,* Washington, 1846, pp. 47-56, and in W. H. Gray, *History of Oregon,* pp. 399-404), to Larkin, to Governor Pio Pico, and to Captain Sutter. These three latter documents are not known to be in existence but some of the subsequent correspondence is printed below.

White requested that Cook, if guilty, should be brought to trial, but nothing came of the investigation which followed. The unavenged murder is said to have been one of the causes of the Whitman massacre and the disastrous Indian wars which followed.

[Letter from Sutter to Larkin regarding the Hedding affair]

[Larkin Documents III, 227, MS. Bancroft Library]

New Helvetia 21 th July 1845.

Thomas O. Larkin Esq^re^. U. S. Consul

Dear Sir!

I received a letter of the U. S. Sub Indian Agent D^r^. E. White from the Oregon Territory from the same Gentleman you will receive letters concerning the Wallawalla Affaire, likewise he wrote to the Government of California about the same. D^r^. White writes me that he reported this affaire to the Secretary of War.

It is not unknown to you what happened here; but now I will give you every particulars: When this people arrived here, consisting out the Wallawalla Chief Piopiopio, and his Son Leicer [Elijah] educated by the Methodists on the Wallamett, the young Chief of the Skyuses, Capcapelic the Nez-percez Chief, Latazi an other Chief with some people of the three different tribes amounting to about 36 Men, with their Women and Children. As I was acquainted formerly with this Dignitaries when I passed through the Oregon to fort Van Couver, I received this people well and with great Hospitality, gave them good Advice how to behalf them self in this country, and gave them in my Official Capacity Passports and Permision to hunt within the limits of my Jurisdiccion and no further, Knowing very well that the would have plenty of Difficulty's if the would go in the Settlements.

Leicer the pupil of the Methodists behaved very saucy and haughty and more independent as the Chiefs, in the first place He Killed a young Man of his own people when encamped close by the fort, whose body was eat up by the Hogs, which was the discoverers. On the road from here to the San Joaquin he would have Killed an other of his people, if M^r^. James Williams had not taken away his rifle in the Moment he wanted to Kill him, this boy was the terror of the old Chiefs he had the whole rule over them, and no doubt he would have become a great tyrant amongs his people. When I returned from Monterey the last Winter they was encamped again close by the fort, a good deal of Complains came in, by the people here, M^r^. Grove Cook was among them, he claimed a Mule which they got from the Horsethiefs or the wild Horses, M^r^. Cook could prove that the Mule was his property and they would not give her up to him, and Leicer told him to go and take the Mule when he is brave enough, taking his Rifle, and after a few Words leveled the Rifle on Cook. When I called them here to tell them in my Official Capacity to come here with all their Horses in my Corall, to part all the Horses which do not belong to them, out; and that they are entitled to some recompense for their trouble of getting

this Horses from the Horsethiefs or from the wild Horses; but the did refuse to give them up, saying that the Rule by them was, to Keep every thing what the can get in this Way.

When I was explaining to them that after the laws of the Country the would have to give up all the Horses which dont belong to them, and that I compell them to give them up. — then I was interrupted and called by Dr. Pedro Kostromitinoff (the Russian Agent) who was on a visit here, I was about ½ an hour with this Gentleman, when we heard a shot, we went to see, and there was Leicer death, shot by Mr. Cook in my house, and in my Office in presence of about 15 foreigners and the Chiefs of these Indians, which fled imediately and I did no more see one of them. Leicer called Cook a Lyar after or in a quarrel which they had together.—It was very disagreeable for me that this happened in my house. I though the Chiefs will come here and deliver the Horses, but the moved Camp and travelled fast the whole Night. The next Morning by day break I did send about 30 armed Men after them, to compell them to give up the Horses; but they could not overtake them and lost their tracks. They was encamped several days near Mr. Lassens farm about 100 Miles from here above in the Valley, they did not molest him at all, and they told him nothing what has happened here. I though all time that some of them would return here to see me; but they did not, Nearly all of them have a few head of Cattle to receive from me, for Leatherpantalons, Buffalo Robes, Rifle and some Curiosity's etc. for this they have all Orders to receive this Cattle at any time on my farm on feather River. — Doctor White speake of their property which they fled and left here, to give him an account of it; that is all what they left, and the best would be to sell their Orders to people of the Wallamett who intends to come here to buy Cattle, by presenting this Orders the Cattle will be delivered at anny time. —

Doctor White states also that they are very willing to give up the Horses which dont belong to them, or as many and as good ones, on Condition that their property be returned and the Murderer be delivered up either to him or to the Indians. — The Call the Name of (Cook) Knight. Dr. White say that Leicer (the pupil of the Missionary) was by no means viciously inclined, but we believe here all that Leicer was a great Rascal. —

I have the Honnor to remain with entire Respect
Your
Most Obedient Servant
J. A. SUTTER
[*Rubric*]

[Larkin's answer to White]

[Larkin's Official Correspondence, I, 44, MS. Bancroft Library]

Sir.

Your letter under date of May 16th 1845. by Mr. Clyman, I received to day.

I have heard of the death of the Indian, and Know the murderer, that is, I presume it's the same (you mention no name) I know but little how the murder took place, nor did I Know what tribe the deceased was from.

I cannot take up this affair, on your part, your letter does not come to me in an official shape; nor is it accompanied with documents, nor do you even name the murderer; you say Mr. Clyman will assist me, he can do nothing as a single man, nor has he and I right, to do in the case, what we may see proper as you mention.

I have no known authority to take up the person you mention, no funds to retain him, nor have I from any person orders to receive him: in fact, from your letter, I can do nothing

In my opinion, if in your letter to the Governor of California (which I shall send to him) you as an Officer of the United States of America, have made a formal demand for the murderer, and have pointed out what you want done; it will be attended to, the Governor, Pio Pico, will not let the affair pass in silence.

I shall with your letter send to the Governor, the copy of your letter to the Department in Washington, and request him to act in the case, as he may see fit.

You can from me say to the Father of the youth who was Killed, that he may, alone go from one end of California to the other in safety; and should he from you or the proper authorities of your part of the country, present themselves to this Government, he will be attended to, and justice done him both in the horrid case in question, and in the property he left here.

You can also say to the Father of the deceased and to the Chiefs of the Tribe, that they should by no means act premature in this business; justice may be slow, but it will be sure, untill they, or some proper person makes a demand on the Government of California, they cannot expect redress, and whenever they shall make this demand, they may depend on my attending to the case, to the best of my Knowledge.

The Chiefs of course are sorry and disappointed from the loss; should they come to California, to redress themselves, they would injure a people who not one in a hundred, Know anything about the

affair, and cause trouble to themselves and this Government, who I am sure will give them justice and satisfaction, when ever they demand it, should they commence a warfare against our Countrymen, it would end in misiries to hundreds of both parties, and no satisfaction be obtained.

You will request this Tribe to wait, untill this affair can be thoughroughly sifted and attended to, tell them through some proper person, to demand their property of the Government of California, and justice for the crime commited; and believe that the Californians will do towards them and all Foreigners, justice and imparciality; as the distance is great between us, much time will be required to settle this affair.

I am Sir, with the highest respect,
your most obedient servant
THOMAS O. LARKIN.

E. White Esq^r.
U. S. Sub-
Agent, for In
dian affairs

[Continuation of the Clyman Diaries]

Heard that a small party of men started for the states about a month since ware stoped by the snake Indians on account of Two of That nation being killed by some Stragling americans that came through the latter part of the winter

This circumstance shews the great necesity of some authority being Established along this rout it being allmost amatter of necessity that people should be able to pass and repass in measureable security from and to the states

25 It rained all night and the morning looked dark and Disagreeable five of us packed up and started for the california rendavous[118] about noon it commenced raining and rained all the afternoon made 15 miles and encamped in the applegate settlement on the South branches of the yam hill I could not admire the Applegate selection allthough the soil is good But a portion of the country is a complete mudhole and the settlement is inconvieniently situated The hills

[118] Regarding this project Joseph McKay recollects that:

"In the neighborhood of Yamhill I met with an American by the name of James Clymer who appeared to be the head of a party who had arrived overland from Missouri the previous autumn. The majority of Mr. Clymers Companions seemed to be thoroughly disgusted with Oregon or Columbia as it was then called, and it was intended to make up a party sufficiently strong to undertake the journey southward, across the mountains into California. The general opinion then was that it was an exceedingly dangerous undertaking on account of the warlike nature of the Indians on the route"— Joseph William McKay, *Recolections of a Chief Trader in the Hudson's Bay Company,* Pacific MS. 24, Bancroft Library.

as usual as beautiful and picturesque and in many places covered Belly deep to our Horses in clover

26 A disagreeable rainy night left our incampment passed over a beautifull undulating country near the Killamook mountains made about four miles and encamped on La Creole a handsome clear running stream with fine rich prarie intervales on either side some settlements have commenced to be made on this creek during the past winter and a mill is now in building a few miles above our camp This La Creole or Rickreole is finely adapted for Hydraulic purposes as well as for agracultureal timber is however in many places rather scarce

27 Cloudy packed up and moved 10 miles to the Lukimute passed over a fine roling country the Lukimute is [a] clear gravelly stream falling out of the Killimook mountains and has some fine rich prarie Bottoms the hills as usual covered with Oak & Firr the white[s] extend this [far] south their being two or three farms commenced here this spring one year ago the nearest house was Thirty miles north so goes the settlments in the willhamet vally

28 It commenced raining yestarday about noon and still continues to rain we Expect to rimain here about a week waiting for the party [to] collect as we are now in advance of the main camp which are collecting [at] rikreole 12 miles in our rear rode out over the hills and shot severals g[r]ous found the grous quite plenty

It is remarkable to see the great Quanty of esculent roots that grows in all parts of this vally Ten or Twelve acres of cammace in one marsh is Quite common and in many instances it will yield 20 Bushel to the acre the calapooyas live exclusively on roots but whare hogs are introduced they soon distroy the cammerce fields these extensive fields are allways on wet land and in many places no other vegitable is found to intermix with it Three of our party arived at our camp in the evening

29 Thick fogy morning continued showery the day thorughout rode out in the evening saw some beautiful small vallis near the mountains one of our party killed a small deer

30 Had some sunshine during the day a Large party of Klickatat Indians came from the south and encamped near us had a view of the Killamook mountains in the afternoon the rise commencing about four miles west these mountains are low compared with the cascades but are verry ruged and covered with timber to their tops

31 The day proved to be verry warm in the low vally The Indians our neigbours ware out early diging roots this operation is performed by sinking a strong hard stick in the ground near the

roots to be dug then taking pry on the outer extemity of the stick a portion of earth containing frorm 2 to six roots is taken up the roots being the size of a small onion and much resembling the onion in appearance They are then washed and clensed a hole of suitable size is dug in the earth filled with wood and stones after the earth and stones becomes well heated the fire is taken off and a Layer of green grass laid over the hot stones the roots [are] piled on the grass and a Layer of grass laid over the roots then a thin layer of earth over the whole and a fire outside of all which is kept up some 24 hours when it is allowed to cool down and the rooots are ready for use or for drying and putting away for future use when dry they keep for months or years

June the First 1845 M. M[oses] Harris visited our encampment Last night and [I] Received lettrs from my Esteemed Friend Dr White as Likewise from Dr McLaughlin Both wishing me success on my hazardous Journey back to the states the acquaintance I leave in this vally are but few thos few However (are of) are Euqal to any I have ever found in warmth of feeling kindness and generosity with out any of that selfishness so often seen in the States

2 It Rained all day in showers and made camping verry disagreeable

3 still continues to rain we moved camp However for the purpose of getting red of our pilfering neighbours the Klickatats crossed over the East Fork of Lickemute River and encamped near the hills this last stream is a deep mudy creek about 20 yards wide and we had to carry our packs over on a drift The Brances of this stream unite a few miles Below our camp forming a large vally of fine rich land the stream uniting with the willhamet about 8 miles below Both Branches of the Lukimute are bold and noble mill streams Timber However is inconvenient to many fine farming tracts the oak which abounds on the hills is shrubby and short Three men arived at camp making our cup [company] 12 men strong

4 The sun arose nearly clear and we have the prospect of a feew hours sun shine I noticed in many places in the hills that the substrata was a formation of soft shelly rock or (or) indurated clay which washes down by the winter rains and becomes verry soft and impassable for a horse bearing a man

rode out over the hills s. E. of our camp had an extensive view of hill vally and mountain far to the North and East passed over some beautiful farming Lands The day proved fair & the grass became dry some showers of rain fell in the afternoon low grumbling

thunder heard at a distance and I think this is the third time I have heard thunder in the Teritory as thender and Lightning is verry rare From what cause I cannot tell it may possibly be on account of the lowness of the clouds which rest on the mountains and in fact on the earth even in vallies

5 the sun arose through a thick fog the forenoon was however pleasant Light showers hovered around all the afternoon to the west and south rode out over some beautifull hills well calculated for pasture land and Exhibiting a beautifull veriety of Scenery the greate veriety however is to be had in many places in this country and had nature given this vally a pleasant climate no country in the known world could compare with it for rural sceenery when the vallies shall become grain fields and the hills covered with flocks and herds of Domestic animals

6 Drizling rain fell during the night and still continues this morning 5 men and one woman & three children arived at our camp During the day rode out up the vally and mounted an imenence from which we had a large and magnificent view of the vally and lower mountains the uper mountain being covered in clouds and rain returned to camp over beautiful farming and pasture lands observed quantities of wild pigions feeding on the grass seeds several kinds of which are fully ripe

7 Light showers of rain fell in various directions around us but none on us during the fore noon our party continues collecting and we have a fair prspect of making a regular start Tomorow on our trip to california

[*Next to last page*]

Tell Everhart to Bring ¼lb Tea and 6 lb sugar

[*Last page*]

Oregon Territory March the 21 [1845]

2 saddle Blankets
5lb Lead 1 do Powder
5 lb Coffee 10 do sugar
3 Trail Ropes
1 Pair Pants
Leading Cords
Cooking utensils
Linnen for bags & sacks
Leather for hopples
Mockasins & seals &c
Soap Fr John 2 lb rice
5 lb sugar
1 Hankf Blank Book

[*Inside back cover*]

Poesy By a Native

[Clyman is suspected of being the author.]

The Firrs their length their Extreme hight
As yet remains in doubt
But Tradition throws an obscur light
That many had grown Quite out of sight
Ere Hood Began to Sprout

An Address to Mount Hood

[A trial draft of the first verse, in a somewhat different wording, is penciled on the inside front cover of the note book.]

Say mighty peak of tremendious hight
What brot you forth to etherial light
From Earths inmost deepest woomb
Was central earth so Jam^{d}.. so pent
That thou arose to give it vent
Or for some other purpose sent
A Monumental Tomb

To shew that once in Licqid heat
The Earth had flowed a burning sheet
Of melted wavering fire
That animation Flaming lay
A molten Mixed wase rocks and clay
When thou a bubble rose to play
Above the funeral pyre

[to be continued]

OLD CALIFORNIA MARKET, SAN FRANCISCO

Not long ago it was noised abroad that the old California Market on California Street between Montgomery and Kearny and running through to Pine had changed hands. It was rumored at the same time (it now appears erroneously) that the present building was to be torn down to make room for an office block. Such announcements, which startle us from time to time, never fail to arouse a pang of deep regret in the breast of old Californians who love the old institutions and mourn their passing. "Another landmark gone," we sigh, and count over the meagre list of those that still remain. Not much more than a year and a half ago disappeared from Rincon Hill the last vestiges of the substantial brick Soldiers and Sailors Home, erected early in the fifties as a Marine Hospital. So far as we are aware no mention of its final leveling was made in any local paper. It was rather saddening to see it go, even though a very creditable looking factory now occupies its site.

But for the present at least our fears for the California Market may be allayed, as we are given to understand that in spite of a new proprietorship there will be no change of business. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Capt. J. H. McMenomy, who undoubtedly knows more of the history of the old market than any other man now living, and he very kindly consented to sketch for us some of the most interesting facts of its half century and more of existence. The good Captain—he was at one time an officer in the National Guard—is one of those remarkably well-preserved old gentlemen so characteristic of the California of former days, of whom so few now remain. He speaks proudly of his eighty-three years; and well he may! For no one would take him to be a day over seventy. Up to about a year and a half ago, at which time owning to illness he retired in favor of his sons, he had been in daily attendance at his butcher stall in the California Market for a period of fifty-seven years, not having missed a single day in all that time! He knew almost everybody of importance in San Francisco, and served most of the prominent families for many years. The silk hat which he regularly wore as the badge of his occupation was a familiar sight to old residents and a part of the color—now, alas! vanished—of the old town. At the time of his retirement from active business Captain McMenomy was sole survivor from among the many original occupants of the market. When he spoke of events of sixty years past as though they had but recently happened, it seemed to us that we had opened the dusty pages of some forgotten book, or chanced upon a yellowed copy of a newspaper no longer published.

The California Market was first opened on August 1, 1867, and replaced the old Washington Market, which was situated at the corner of Washington and Sansome Streets, taking in the half block as far as Merchant Street. The new undertaking was sponsored by A. E. Davis, a former wholesale butcher, and the builders of the market were the well-known partners, Haggin & Tevis. Davis was part owner in the enterprise. The tenants of the Washington Market all moved into the newly-completed structure with the exception of one man. This left one stall vacant which was thereupon taken by Captain McMenomy, who moved hither from the Occidental Market. The site of the latter was on Market Street where the Hobart Building now stands, and itself supplanted the salesroom of Casebolt's Carriage Factory. It will, perhaps, be of interest to mention in passing that the Olympic Club of those days had the upper floor over this Occidental Market.

The California Market occupied one structure continuously from that time down to the conflagration of 1906, when, of course, it was entirely demolished. The present neat building is, therefore, but its second home. It was, however, enlarged at one time by the addition of the land belonging to the old newspaper, the *Alta California*, the offices of which had been next door. At the opening there were fifteen butchers in the establishment under one roof—it was an ambitious affair—; throughout its history the various occupants of stalls have rented from the owners of the entire property.

One of the interesting features of the old market is the food-serving counters, which have existed on into the present from the first building. In the early days if a patron ordered an ordinary meal—for example, a steak—he was given in addition shrimps or crabs' legs, or perhaps pigs' feet—all at a cost of 25 cents! Besides this a loaf, or at the least a half loaf, of French bread was thrown in for good measure. The price in that Golden Age of a beef carcass dressed was 5 cents a pound, which at this date—O tempora, O mores!—is 14½ or 15. Mutton was about the same; lambs 7 or 8, all wholesale, naturally. Those days of liberality and comfortable expense have doubtless gone forever, to join the clipper ships and the Chinese street vendors of vegetables. But at least we may still dangle our feet at the marble counter of an oyster shop in the old California Market and muse on the fine, free spirits of that elder time that brought it forth.

H. D. B. Soulé.

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON

The death of Miss Dawson on February 6th, in the hospital at Palo Alto, calls to mind a notable writer, forgotten save by a few. She was a native of Massachusetts and came to California fifty years ago. Her prose and poetry soon found a place in the San Francisco periodicals of the day. She possessed an imagination and a style that were rare, her tales often rivalling Poe's in eeriness. Of her prose Ambrose Bierce said, "She is head and shoulders above any writer on this coast with whose works I am acquainted." Her poem, "Old Glory," won the first prize in a national contest in 1883. Her writings appeared in *The Californian, The Overland, The Argonaut, The News Letter* and *The Wasp.*

In 1897 Mr. Doxey, of San Francisco, gathered a number of her stories and sketches into a book, called from the initial tale, *The Itinerant House.* San Francisco is the background of nearly all of them and they are fascinating reading for anyone who loves the city of the past. The most noteworthy, "A Gracious Visitation," was written especially for this book. It is a story of Russian Hill and of the old Greek church on Powell Street. It is unusual in plot and charming in detail with, running through it, the thread of the supernatural, which is found in most of Miss Dawson's tales.

The peculiar circumstances of her sad illness and death might have been the subject of one of her own weird tales. She lived alone and only a few old friends were made welcome within her home. Neighbors, noticing no signs of life about the house, summoned help and when the door was broken open Miss Dawson was found unconscious on the floor. There was food in the house, but she had evidently suffered a stroke of paralysis two or three days before and was unable either to help herself or to make herself heard. In an almost dying condition she was removed to the Palo Alto Hospital and it was hoped that care and medical attendance would restore her. A week later she passed beyond.

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Bit of Old China. By Charles Warren Stoddard. With an Introduction by Edward F. O'Day. San Francisco: Printed by H. S. Crocker Company, Inc. for the Friends and Patrons of their Establishment and used to accompany a Water-color "Where East Meets West" by Rowena Meeks Abdy, 1925. 29 pp. 4°.

A Bit of Old China has long been familiar, but in this new form, introduced by Mr. O'Day's graceful and most appropriate prologue, embodied in Mr. Nash's rare craftsmanship, it is now truly a thing of joy and beauty. The exquisite drawing by Mrs. Abdy needs no comment. It is the Chinatown of today, with a subtle intimation of the features of yesterday—gone forever. The caption "Where East Meets West," is singularly befitting, and with the inspiration of the true artist, in Mrs. Abdy's sketch there appears the roof of Old St. Mary's —the Western Church fronting the Eastern Pagoda.

How well the San Franciscan of yesterday remembers Old Chinatown! All around are the sinister shadows faintly pierced by the dim lights of the old street-lamps; the furtive figure of Ah Sin hunched up in blue blouse and padding softly in his thick-soled slippers on his way to the Joss House, to consult his tutelary god and to pray for the success of the murder he has in his heart; the steel-barricaded rooms where night and day Kum Low and Hang Hi carried on the forbidden games of fan-tan and pi-gow; the underground catacombs where the tongs sat over their seething stew-pots of hatred, and to avenge their dissatisfactions despatched the hatchetmen upon their sanguinary errands; the theatres with their grotesque orchestras and their interminable plays; the weird funeral ceremonies; the soul-destroying opium joints; and Little Pete, silent, mysterious and inscrutable. Invisible all—but all are there.

There is a gratifying note in this happy combination of print and picture. The H. S. Crocker Company goes far back into the early days of California, and reflects the fine attributes of sentiment and generosity so well-known of those earlier Californians. A picturesque feature of our colorful history has been perpetuated; arts and letters have been sustained; and finally the progressive nature and generous spirit of the Pioneers have been finely exhibited.

A Pronouncing Dictionary of California names in English and Spanish. Compiled by Martha Lebeaud Marshall. San Francisco: The French Book Store, [1925]. 41 pp. 12°.

The purpose of this work is best explained by the author's fore-

word: "This little Dictionary is offered not only to all lovers of California, but to tourists, and Spanish students as well. The meaning of geographical names is a matter of universal interest, especially when, as in the Golden State, the glamor of Religion and Romance lights up the origin and development of the favored land."

The author has collected about 1200 names and the translations are given with an indication of the proper pronunciation of each. This little manual is valuable and timely, and for her research and accuracy the author is deserving of much credit. It would be most fortuitous is this work were to be placed in the hands of all who are connected with the public schools of California, for thereby considerable lingual tragedy might be avoided.

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN.

Pictorial History of California. Compiled and Edited by Owen C. Coy. Berkeley: University of California, Extension Division, Department of Visual Instruction, 1925. 261 pls. Oblong 8°.

The Pictorial History of California is one of the most unusual compilations that has appeared in this State. Although there is a brief text with each of the plates, the emphasis is placed upon the picture itself. Starting with the premises—a Chinese proverb—that "one picture is worth ten thousand words"—the publication proves that one event properly visualized is more vividly impressed upon the memory than the mental picture the eye of the mind can conjure by reading reams of description.

It is much easier to see history in pictures than to read it, so, when you have finished looking at all these plates in their chronological order, whether you have read the accompanying text or not, you have a fair idea of the chief historical events that have characterized the development of this state. For many people, the conning of history is dry reading, but no mental gymnastics are required in looking at these fine pictures illustrative of the time the Sabertooth Tiger roamed in prehistoric California down to the final epic of the wheat and fig and vine. In fact the Pictorial History is an illustrated index of California's romance. It is all there:—the fossil pits of La Brea; the California Indian tribes, customs, implements and baskets; the adventurous navigators Drake and Cabrillo and in their wake Portolá and Anza; Junípero Serra, the rearing of the Cross and the planting of the Missions strung like a rosary along the coastline; the cattle epoch: Rodeo, Matanza, La Trilla; the Hudson's Bay Company; the coming of the Russians and Fort Ross; Sutter's Fort; the Donner Party; the Bear Flag;

the taking of Monterey; the first schoolhouse and tent of God; Marshall and the discovery of gold; emigrants crossing the plains, the Isthmus and rounding the Cape; the Arastra; the mining camps and mining by hydraulic and placer methods; the Chinese; the evolution of pueblo and camp into cities and towns; the Vigilantes; Civil War; the clipper ships; the first colleges; the evolution of transportation: the Overland stage, the Pony Express, the Iron Horse; development of agriculture and industry. Yes, it is all there in good measure in this Pictorial History. It is good psychology—to see an event pictured is to remember, too frequently to read of it is to forget.

GEORGE D. LYMAN, M. D.

Continent's End, An Anthology of Contemporary California Poets. Edited, With Introductions by George Sterling, Genevieve Taggard and James Rorty, and with a Prefatory Note by Albert Bender, Chairman of the Publication Committee. San Francisco: Printed for the Book Club of California by John Henry Nash, 1925. xxxviii+237 pp. 8°.

West Winds, An Anthology of Verse. By Members of the California Writers' Club, With Foreword by Ina Donna Coolbrith. San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Company, 1925. ix+196 pp. 8°.

It is an interesting fact that these two collections culled from the work of contemporary California poets have appeared at so nearly the same time, and it is interesting to note their points of resemblance and contrast.

Continent's End is printed and bound in the superior manner which characterizes the work of John Nash. The edition is small, five hundred for sale to members of the Book Club and one hundred for distribution among the contributors. The poems number one hundred and seventy-five.

West Winds is a somewhat smaller volume, less beautiful in dress, but no less real in poetical content. Eighty-eight poets have contributed the two hundred and nineteen poems included. The field for selection varied in each case. The poems for *Continent's End* were culled from a wide area, including, Mr. Bender says in his preface, "natives of the state and those whose residence here has in some pertinent degree identified them with California life and letters." The editors of *West Winds* did not go beyond the boundaries of the Writers' Club. Their selection was entirely from poems contributed by members. In both books many of the poems are presented for the first time while others are re-printed through the courtesy of publishers.

Of the one hundred and three poets included in *Continent's End* and the eighty-eight in *West Winds,* ten are common to both, making a total of one hundred and eighty-one contributors to the two volumes. This seems a remarkable showing—one hundred and eighty-one contemporary California poets chosen by competent editors, themselves poets of outstanding merit. Miss Coolbrith in her Foreword to *West Winds* contrasts the collection with *Outcroppings,* the first Anthology of California verse, published in 1866 and including only twenty names many of which have passed into oblivion—"slender in quantity and quality," she calls the earlier book. Of the California singers of today she says, "While there may be among them as yet no master voice; no Homer, no Shakespeare, no Shelley, no Keats, there are fine singers, finer and more genuine, we must admit, despite our traditional allegiance, than many accounted worthy of fame in the generations past." We assent to that by reckoning Miss Coolbrith among contemporary poets. Of course, she is represented in both books, with Edwin Markham, George Sterling, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Charles Keeler, Harry Noyes Pratt, Clinton Scollard, Sara Bard Field, Anna Kalfus Spero and Charles Erskine Scott Wood. *Continent's End* would not have been too inclusive had more of the writers in *West Winds* been among its list of authors. Though Charles Lummis disclaims the title of poet, the exquisite verses of "The Rivals" with their rare and delicate fancy belie his modest disclaimer. "Oh God, Send Sleep to Those Who Love," by Mrs. Keeler, haunts one with the Swinburnian beauty of its lines. One could easily name a dozen more who should have place in a collection representing the best of our present day poets; but after all it is pleasant for readers that these two volumes complement, rather than duplicate, each other. *West Winds,* being strictly confined by the limits of the California Writers' Club, could not have enlarged its borders.

Both volumes are strongly characteristic of California. The first division of the Book Club's collection is entitled, "A California Symphony" in which the writers have tuned their instruments to California themes; and scattered through *West Winds* are many titles which only California could furnish: "Lake Tahoe," "Sunrise Over the Sierras," "The Sequoias," "To a Meadow Lark in California" and others.

The remaining contents of the books differ from each other. *West Winds* is simpler, *Continent's End,* more sophisticated; *West Winds,* more objective; *Continent's End,* more subjective; *West Winds* closer to life as it is lived, *Continent's End,* closer to life as it is thought. Both books are treasure stores of which all Californians may be proud. When the poems are of such general excellence it seems invidious to single out

any for special mention. Frankly granting that selection is apt to be based on personal preference, "The Ice Age," by Genevieve Taggard, in *Continent's End,* and "The Voyagers," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell in *West Winds,* crowd forward for recognition, though both are jostled by companions of equal claims.

In the Mountains of Mendocino. By William Kent. *The Yale Review,* October, 1925.

This lively sketch of the Mountains of Mendocino County, by former Congressman William Kent of Marin County, is as informative as it is readable. As youth and man, Mr. Kent, like his father before him, climbed these mountains, hunted in their woods, fished in their streams and camped on their trails. It was a country of trout streams wherein big fish were abundant. There were deer in plenty and the harmless Californian brown bear was to be found. The formidable grizzly had disappeared, though in earlier times he had roamed these mountains as a favorite haunt, and many were the good "bar" stories of those exciting days which were related to Mr. Kent by hunters and guides. His store of anecdotes was swelled by Indians, renegades, "squaw-men" and descendants of the first settlers, who crossed his trails or visited his camps.

The earliest white men settling in this region were from Pike County, Missouri. They began coming before the discovery of gold, but flocked in greater numbers after 1848. A few mined here and there, but mostly they hunted deer for their hides and raised livestock which could graze throughout the year. Malaria had not stunted their growth but had dwarfed their ambition. They were tall, lank, of shambling gait, with few wants and those easily satisfied. Mr. Kent tells the story of one settler from Tennessee who, after thirty years in the land, boastfully displayed to a stranger a log house and a small corn-field as the result of this thirty years, adding for good measure, a wife and children, gun and dog, and "hawgs runnin' in the woods," concluding proudly, "I got mostly everything a man could want." Mr. Kent adds, "Of such satiety consists true wealth."

Mr. Kent relates some of the customs of the passing Indians of that region, tells us of the habits of the great grizzly, already gone, and throws in a word of timely warning concerning the fish and deer, still abundant "in these hospitable coast range mountains, with their superlative climate and beautiful water—the ideal camp ground for people who love the outdoors."

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

Bringing new light upon an interesting subject, Doctor Emmet Rixford spoke to the Society on November 17, 1925, on "The Beginnings of Medical Education in California," touching in a scholarly manner upon many phases of this important field.

The medical fraternity, said he, was composed of much the same type of men as the rest of California's population during the very early period. It was a mixture of rough and ready "doctors" and refined and educated practitioners. Three names which stand above all others in connection with the development of medical education in California are those of Doctors Elias S. Cooper, Levi Cooper Lane and H. H. Toland.

Doctor Cooper was a man of considerable intellect, great pugnacity and stormy determination. He was once taken to task by his fellow medicos for advertising his own office on Mission Street between Second and Third, but he had come into prominence by reason of a remarkable operation which he had performed, and he was without doubt sincere in all that he did. He believed that the climatic conditions of California were particularly efficacious in promoting the healing of wounds. As early as 1858 he organized a medical faculty, but as there were no students during the first year, the teachers taught each other, thus profiting by their mutual experience and knowledge.

Doctor Lane arrived in 1860. He was a nephew of Doctor Cooper, a much more highly educated man, and a great student of the Classics. It is stated that he and one of his other uncles carried on their entire converse in Latin, and his language always had a Latin flavor. He was an energetic worker, and, as Professor of Surgery, he succeeded Doctor Cooper, who died in 1862.

A rival medical school was formed under Doctor Toland in 1864, and Doctors Lane and Henry Gibbons were invited to join the new faculty after all the students had gone over to the new school. The old school was later reorganized by Doctors Lane and Gibbons, and was affiliated with the University of the Pacific at San José for the purpose of issuing diplomas. Doctor Toland's institution later became affiliated with the University of California.

The speaker illustrated Doctor Lane's peculiar and remarkable character by relating the fact that in 1880 without consulting the faculty of his school, he procured the erection of a large building on the corner of Webster and Sacramento streets, but not until the building was finished did he invite his faculty to join with him in the new structure. Many other interesting anecdotes enlivened the address.

Daniel Q. Troy related some humorous political incidents in his address before the Society at the Hotel St. Francis, December 15, 1925. He referred to what is commonly known as the "double cross" in politics, and admitted that while it is possible to laugh at these happenings now, yet at the time they occurred they were considered matters of serious import.

A case in point was when in 1890 Stephen M. White was a candidate for United States Senate against Leland Stanford. Troy supported White and was nominated for the state assembly. At that time United States Senators were elected by the legislature.

Chris Buckley was the Democratic boss and gave his O. K. to Troy's candidacy, but a disquieting rumor soon got abroad that Buckley was in the pay of Stanford and was against White.

"A few days before the election," Troy said, "I met Steve White and he told me that a $50,000 Democratic campaign fund had been raised, $25,000 going to Bill English and $25,000 being put into the hands of Chris Buckley.

"I told him that trusting money to Buckley in that fight was worse than throwing it in the bay, as I had proof that Buckley was supporting Stanford.

"I was defeated, of course, but I wasn't the only one who got the double cross—only two Democrats were elected to the legislature; so, of course, Senator Stanford won.

"Before the next election Boss Buckley had been indicted by the Wallace grand jury and had fled the state. With Buckley out of the way Steve White was elected United States Senator."

Of all the political bosses in California, Troy said, only one kept his promises at all times and under all circumstances, and that man was Bill Higgins, whose word was his bond.

John W. Geary was the first boss known in San Francisco. He came here in 1849 with his appointment as Postmaster of this city in his pocket and authority to appoint other postmasters throughout the state. Geary had himself chosen Alcalde and next was elected Mayor, nearly every vote being cast for him. His reign was short, as he soon went East, was appointed Governor of Kansas Territory, and subsequently was twice elected Governor of Pennsylvania.

Then followed a list of bosses and politicians, big and little, who took part in the state government. Among these were David C. Broderick, who was killed in a duel by Judge Terry, Bill Gray, John Bigler, B. Redding, Bill Stow, Phil Crimmins, Aaron A. Sargent and William M. Gwin.

The famous "Tapeworm" ticket, which was used at Vallejo for

the "protection" of the Mare Island employees, just so they would be sure to vote "right," was credited to Buckley; and the "Isinglass ticket" in San Francisco was ascribed to the inventive genius of Sam Braunhart.

George C. Gorham, the speaker said, was the most pestiferous, mischief-making politician ever known in California.

Newton Booth came in for a penegyric, and Perry Kewen was referred to as doing business on the fame of his father, E. C. J. Kewen, Denis Kearney was described as a "terror."

William J. Gavigan had the distinction of being both an M. D. and an attorney-at-law, a distinction gained by only one other politician in California—Edward Robeson Taylor.

Probably the most remarkable political happening in California was when Stephen J. Field aspired to the nomination for President of the United States and was repudiated by the Stockton convention by a vote of 453 to 19.

Among the other patriots who gave their services to saving the city, the state, and the nation, were Jim Gannon, Dick Chute, Mannix and Brady, and Sam Rainey.

The Iroquois Club was given prominent mention as having among its promoters such men as Judge Matt I. Sullivan, Judge J. F. Sullivan, J. J. Dwyer, Samuel Daniels, Peter F. Dunn, Barry Baldwin (who was an Irishman although his political opponents "south of the slot" called him an Englishman), Judge James G. Maguire, and a host of others.

The final catastrophe came when the County Committee was formed with 450 members. It was found that the members were candidates for office or had friends whom they desired to nominate, and this led to confusion and defeat.

Gavin McNab was the only politician now active who was referred to, the speaker intimating that the time is not yet ripe for recording final impressions touching the others—and besides, one afternoon will not suffice to recount all their political activities.

WELLS DRURY.

Armistice Day and January 24, the anniversary of the discovery of gold in California, are the two most important dates in the calendar of Western America, being more significant than July 4 or Admission Day, First Vice-President Robert E. Cowan said in his address before the California Historical Society on January 26.

"The discovery of gold," he said, "brought about the greatest tide of immigration the world has ever seen. There came westward the

finest body of men in the world, who settled an empire in the shortest period of time ever known.

"On the other hand, every State can celebrate the anniversary of its admission to the Union, and birthdays, even of great men, are personal anniversaries. California was not a part of the Union in 1776, so Independence Day is not significant on the Pacific Coast."

Cowan told how James W. Marshall found traces of gold in the millrace of a sawmill he was building in 1848 at Coloma for Captain Sutter. He related how Marshall took the shiny bits of metal to the camp cook, who was rendering some soap, and they tested the gold with lye. Then the blacksmith pounded it out on a stone.

"When Marshall took his find to Captain Sutter," said Cowan, "neither was excited about it, and both tried to keep the matter quiet until they could complete the sawmill. But the man they secretly sent to San Francisco with the samples to have them assayed, bragged in his cups about the find, and the millsite was soon swarming with prospectors.

"The mill was never completed, and neither Sutter nor Marshall prospered. Sutter had received his land grant from a Spanish Governor. After ten years' deliberation the Land Commissioner decided that title invalid. Captain Sutter, 'down and out,' went into obscurity. He who in his palmy days had befriended every caravan which passed Sutter's Fort, and was noted for his generosity, lived almost in want. Toward the end he returned to Pennsylvania, where he died.

"Marshall, who had operated a successful stock ranch in Butte County and left it to volunteer in the Bear Flag revolution, had been compelled to go to work for Sutter after the war, as his ranch had not prospered during his absence. Later he asked for a land grant as an ex-soldier, but his petition was rejected because he had been only a volunteer and not a regular. The man who discovered gold in Australia received $50,000 from the British government and $5000 from Australia. The Federal Government refused to give Marshall anything, and the State doled out $9600.

"Marshall tried prospecting for himself. He had many followers who believed that his spiritualistic leanings had given him the original 'hunch' which led to the finding of gold. These men berated him because he refused to let the spirits tell him where there was more gold. He, like Sutter, died in poverty, a lonely and broken man."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Annual Business Meeting

January 22, 1926.

Minutes of the annual meeting of the California Historical Society held, pursuant to notice, in the rooms of the Society, 508 Wells Fargo Building, on the 22nd day of January, 1926, at the hour of 2:00 P. M. Vice-President Robert E. Cowan in the chair. Twelve members of the Society being in attendance, the president of the meeting announced that a quorum was present.

The minutes of the annual meeting of January 23, 1925, were read and approved.

Thereupon the President announced that the election of directors for the ensuing year was in order, and thereupon the president announced the list of directors as proposed by the Nominating Committee, and there being no further nominations, on motion of Mr. Fred M. DeWitt it was unanimously voted that election by ballot be dispensed with and that the Secretary be instructed to cast the ballot for the following persons for the ensuing year:

Anson S. Blake.	T. W. Hubbard.
Charles L. Camp.	George D. Lyman.
Robert E. Cowan.	C. O. G. Miller.
C. Templeton Crocker.	E. J. Molera.
Boutwell Dunlap.	Helen Throop Purdy.
Sidney M. Ehrman.	H. D. B. Soulé.
Francis P. Farquhar.	D. Q. Troy.

Carl I. Wheat.

Thereupon the Secretary cast the ballot and the President then declared the said persons duly elected directors of the Society for the said ensuing year.

Thereupon the President called for the reports of the officers and committees.

Mr. Robert E. Cowan, Second Vice-President, in the absence of President Crocker, rendered a verbal report.

Thereupon the Secretary and Treasurer presented his report for the past year as follows:

Report of the Secretary and Treasurer

For the Year Ending December 31, 1925.

Membership

Members, January 1, 1925		244
Elected 1925		47
		291
Resigned (1 patron, 11 active)	12	
Transferred to other persons	2	
Dropped for non-payment of dues	1	
Deaths	5	20
Total Membership December 31, 1925		271

Net Gain, 27.

Of the twenty-five patron members which the Society had at the beginning of the year, one has transferred to active membership, one has resigned, and two others have not paid dues for the year.

Meetings

One annual business meeting and eleven luncheon meetings were held by the Society during the year, and the Directors held ten meetings. The speakers and subjects of the luncheon meetings were as follows:

Jan. 20: "The Real Bret Harte," Mr. Charles A. Murdock.

Feb. 24: "Yosemite Pioneers," Mr. Ansel F. Hall.

March 17: "Oakland Sixty Years Ago," Mr. Fred L. Button.

April 21: "Reminiscences of Early San Francisco," Mr. Clay M. Greene.

May 26: "The Yokut Indians of the San Joaquin Valley," Colonel George W. Stewart.

June 23: "Early San Francisco Theatres and Theatrical Folks," Mr. James Madison.

Aug. 25: "The Settlement of California and Its Bearing on American History," Judge Fletcher A. Cutler.

Sept. 22: "Celebrations in San Francisco," Mr. Charles B. Turrill.

Oct. 20: "The Present Condition of the Missions," Mr. Reed B. Cherington.

Nov. 17: "Beginnings of Medical Education in California," Dr. Emmet Rixford.

Dec. 15: "Early Day Politicians and Political Bosses," Mr. D. Q. Troy.

Exhibitions

Three loan exhibitions were held by the Society during the year 1925: an exhibition of Bret Harte material, January 19-24; a Naval-Historical Exhibition, April 6-15; and an exhibition of material covering the years 1848-1860 and emphasizing particularly the admission of California into the Union, September 7 to 12.

Gifts and Loans

Received during the year 1925

For gifts and loans of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, pictures, maps, etc., (aside from the material lent for special exhibitions) the Society is indebted to Misses Edith W. and Lucy H. Allyne, Mr. Phil B. Bekeart, Mrs. Edmund N. Brown, Miss Gertrude A. Burnett, Mr. Robert E. Cowan, Mr. Albert Dressler, Miss Stella A. Drumm of the Missouri Historical Society, Hon. Boutwell Dunlap, Mr. Francis P. Farquhar, Mr. Alger Fast, Mr. Edward Jesurun, Miss Sarah Louise Kimball, Miss Elizabeth W. and Mr. William C. Latham, Mr. John W. Lambert, Mrs. Mary V. Tingley Lawrence, Library of Congress, Prof. William T. Lyle, Mr. R. P. McLaughlin, Mercantile Trust Company, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Native Sons of the Golden West, Mr. C. H. Parker, Rev. William C. Pond, Mrs. W. E. Purdy, Col. J. W. Redington, Mr. A. M. Robertson, Mr. Henry Root, Mrs. Edwin A. Sherman, Society of California Pioneers, Mr. Samuel J. Taylor, Mr. F. A. Thomas, Mr. Charles B. Turrill, U. S. Dept. of Commerce, Historical Section U. S. Marine Corps, University of Pennsylvania, Mr. H. R. Wagner, Mr. Carl I. Wheat, and Misses L. A. and E. M. Williamson.

The Society has also received the Lakey bust of Bret Harte from Mr. Harry Noyes Pratt; and as a bequest from Mrs. M. A. Wills, the gold brooch made from the bracelet presented to her mother, Mrs. E. M. Wills, by the citizens of San Francisco in gratitude for her Ode on the Admission of California into the Union. The late Mrs. Wills had previously presented to the Society one of the original printed copies of the Ode.

Monetary gifts to the amount of $115 were received from Mr. H. R. Wagner and Mr. William M. Fitzhugh.

Exchanges

The Society exchanges publications with the Bancroft Library, Historical Society of Southern California, Michigan Historical Commission, Missouri Historical Society, Nevada Historical Society, New York Public Library, Oregon Historical Society, Sierra Club, Smithsonian Institute, Texas State Historical Association, University of California Library, Washington University State Historical Society, Wisconsin State Historical Society, Wyoming [County, Pennsylvania] Historical and Geological Society.

Financial

Cash on hand, January 1, 1925		$ 427.60
Receipts during 1925:		
Dues of Patron Members	$2400.00	
Dues of Active Members	2232.00	
Advance Dues of Active Members	200.00	
Gifts	115.00	
Separate Publications	244.30	
Extra Copies of Quarterly	188.00	5379.30
		$5806.90
Disbursements:		
Rent	$ 960.00	
Telephone	72.76	
Salary	1740.00	
Stationery and Office Supplies	78.15	
Furniture and Office Equipment	108.87	
Quarterly	1839.02	
Separate Publications	201.59	
Printed Circulars, Notices, etc	134.83	
Exhibitions	193.35	
Luncheon Meetings	45.00	
Miscellaneous	135.06	
	$5508.63	
On hand December 31, 1925	298.27	
		$5806.90

The loan of $500.00 to the Society still remains unpaid.

Respectfully submitted,

T. W. Hubbard,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Thereupon on motion duly made and seconded it was voted that the foregoing report be spread upon the minutes and published in the next issue of the Quarterly.

Thereupon Mr. Charles L. Camp, Chairman of the Publication Committee, presented the following report:

Report of the Publication Committee

To the Members of the Society:

Your Committee takes pleasure in reporting the completion of the fourth volume of our *Quarterly*, comprising about four hundred pages of printed matter and sixteen plates. We are fortunate in having been able to print a number of interesting and appropriate articles written, for the most part, by our own members. If members will continue to furnish articles bearing upon fields of their

own special interest we shall maintain a suitable proportion between original and documentary material during future issues.

The wide scope of our local history should require us to extend our range into a variety of subjects hitherto untouched. Source material should be made available in such phases of our history as the development of agriculture, education and commerce; the upbuilding of cities and industries; the instructive experiments in politics and law-making for which this State is famous. Particular features of the history of our literature, science and art might receive interesting treatment; and we should extend the work of preserving the biographies and records of our pioneers of the Spanish, American immigration, and gold rush periods.

The Committee and Miss Huggins have devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the work of editing the *Quarterly* and hope to receive expressions of criticism from members who have suggestions that may result in improving the variety, interest and usefulness of our publications.

The Committee feels very strongly the absence of Mr. H. R. Wagner, who has been in almost constant charge of the *Quarterly* since the beginning, and would call attention to the fact that Mr. Wagner was active on this committee during the publication of the first three numbers of the 1925 volume.

Respectfully submitted,
CHARLES L. CAMP,
Chairman of the Publication Committee.

Thereupon on motion duly made and seconded it was voted that the foregoing report be spread upon the minutes and published in the next issue of the Quarterly.

Thereupon Mr. Fred. M. DeWitt as Chairman of the Exhibit Committee made a verbal report; and on motion duly made and seconded it was unanimously voted that a vote of thanks be extended to Mr. DeWitt for his zealous work and the results attained by the Exhibit Committee.

Thereupon, on motion of Mr. DeWitt, it was voted that all of the acts of the Board of Directors for the past year be ratified and confirmed.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

T W. HUBBARD, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE EXHIBIT COMMITTEE

To the President and Members of the Board of Directors of the California Historical Society: San Francisco, Feb. 26, 1926.

A most interesting exhibition was held in the rooms of the Society during the week of January 25-30, 1926, in commemoration of the Seventy-Eighth Anniversary of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill (Coloma), January 24, 1848, by James W. Marshall. The material was from the collection of Mr. Phil B. Bekeart and consisted of oil and water color paintings, photographs, maps, lithographs, photostats, prints, books, pamphlets, etc., together with a collection of old fire arms as used in the days of the gold-rush, specimens of gold dust and flakes panned at Coloma, souvenirs and mementoes.

The attendance was very large and evidenced a keen interest in the collection even to its minutest detail. Ten cases and all four walls were utilized to their capacity. An outstanding feature was a large oil painting by E. G. Holdridge of Sutter's Mill.

The expenses connected with this exhibit, thanks to Mr. Bekeart's generosity, were very small.

FRED. M. DEWITT,
Chairman Exhibit Committee.

AMENDMENTS TO THE BY-LAWS

At the Directors' meeting of December 14, 1925, paragraphs 1 and 3 of Article III were amended to read:

At each annual election there shall be elected a board of *fifteen* directors, who shall serve for one year and until their successors are elected. Vacancies in the Board of Directors may be filled by the remaining directors as provided by law.

Three active members not holding office shall be chosen by the Board of Directors at least thirty days prior to the annual meeting of the Society for the election of directors, and the persons so chosen shall constitute the Nominating Committee, which shall in writing report and nominate *fifteen* members eligible for election as directors at least fifteen days before said election. The directors shall prepare ballots containing such names, which shall be sent by the Secretary to each of the members at least ten days before the election, as prescribed by Article XIV.

At the Directors' meeting of March 2, 1926, Article XVI was amended to read:

The By-Laws may be amended by the directors at any meeting of the Board of Directors provided that the object of such meeting shall be stated in the notice by which it is called and provided further that such amendment is assented to by at least *eight* of the Directors.

NEW MEMBERS

Allyne, Miss Edith W., San Francisco.
Allyne, Miss Lucy H., San Francisco.
Brown, Mrs. Caspar Mifflin, San Francisco.
Cadwalader, Mrs. George L., San Francisco.
*Cutten, Charles P., San Francisco.
Fast, Alger, Merced.
Fryberg, Miss Caroline, San Francisco.
†Huntington, Miss Stella, Oakland.
Johnson, Mrs. Ellis C., Daly City.
Kline, Miss E. M., San Francisco.
Library Association of Portland, Portland, Oregon.
Naffziger, Dr. Howard C., San Francisco.
Rittigstein, Herman, Oakland.
Rose, Mrs. Alfred J., San Francisco.
Schwabacher, Max, San Francisco.
Smith, Mrs. Clarence M., San Francisco.
Smith, Mrs. Frances Rand, Palo Alto.
Stokes, Mrs. Marie K., Berkeley.
Sutro, Alfred, San Francisco.
University of Oregon Library, Eugene, Ore.

---

*Elected June 23, 1925.
†*Quarterly* sent to the Santa Clara County Library, San José.

IN MEMORIAM

Philip Ernest Bowles

On January 20, 1926, Philip E. Bowles died suddenly at his home in Oakland, after a short illness.

Mr. Bowles was born in Arcata, Humboldt County, 67 years ago. After finishing grammar and high school he attended the University of California from which he was graduated in 1882. While a student there he was a member of the Golden Bear and Big "C" societies, and later, as a regent of the institution, he was chiefly responsible for the plan of reforestation of the hills back of the campus and for the plans for the Memorial Stadium. In 1920 he retired from the Board of Regents after seven years of service.

He was well known throughout the West as a prominent financial executive and an organizer of banking institutions, being one of the foremost figures in California finance. Thirty-seven years ago he began his banking career when he became a clerk in the First National Bank of Oakland. In 1900 he became its president, and in 1902 bought out the American Bank and Trust Company in San Francisco. Under his leadership the American Bank expanded until more than twenty branches were established: in Modesto, Tracy, the Mission district of San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland (the former First National Bank in which he was once clerk and later president) and many others.

In addition Mr. Bowles was a director of the East Bay Water Company and of the Key System Transit Company, and was a member of the Claremont Country and Pacific Union Clubs and of the California Historical Society.

His widow, Mrs. Mary A. Bowles, survives him; and he also leaves two sons, George M. and Robert H., both with the American Bank in San Francisco. He was also the father of the late Philip E. Bowles, Jr., and Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.

Sam Houston Daniels

Sam Daniels, a well-known figure in San Francisco business and social life, died in this city January 10, 1926 at his home, 2582 Filbert Street, after a long siege of ill health and suffering. He had been retired from The Bank of California, N. A., about two years, from October 23, 1923. He had been with the bank from June 1, 1869, when at the age of sixteen he entered as a messenger. He was for many years at the Exchange Desk of the bank and in April, 1901, was elected an Assistant Cashier, which position he filled continuously until the date

of his retirement, completing an unbroken service of fifty-four years, establishing a very remarkable record.

Mr. Daniels was born in San Francisco in 1852. His father, Col. Joe Daniels of Texas, was a friend of the patriot Sam Houston for whom the boy was named. His education was completed in the old City College, Geary and Stockton streets, where the City of Paris building now stands.

He was active through many years of his life in Democratic politics in San Francisco, although never seeking nor holding any political office himself. In 1891 he became one of the leaders of his party in San Francisco.

He was a man of big heart and many kindnesses and charities, and often these were known only to the recipients. He has left as a legacy a wealth of friendships and affections rare to find in this world.

Mr. Daniels was a prominent Mason and his funeral services, held at the Masonic Temple under the auspices of Excelsior Lodge 166, drew a large attendance of men and women from all walks of life without regard to creed or denomination who met to pay tribute to the man they loved.

He is survived by a sister, Miss Josephine Daniels.

JAMES D. RUGGLES.

EMANUEL S. HELLER

After an illness of nearly two months, Emanuel S. Heller, First Vice-President of the California Historical Society, died of pneumonia at his home at 2020 Jackson Street, San Francisco. Mr. Heller was one of the original officers of the reorganized Society, having served as second vice-president until his election to the first vice-presidency in February, 1923.

Born on January 2, 1865, the son of Moses and Amelia Heller, Mr. Heller came of pioneer stock, his father's family having crossed the plains to California in the early fifties.

In 1886 he was graduated from the University of California, and after his graduation three years later from the Hastings College of Law he rose rapidly in his profession. In some of the most famous pieces of litigation in California his name stood at the head of the lists of counsel, and for almost thirty years he was attorney for the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange.

In the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company Mr. Heller held the office of vice-president; and was also president of the Bankers' Investment Company and director of the California Pacific Title

Insurance Company, the Market Street Railway and the Spring Valley Water Company.

In politics he was one of the most influential Democrats in the West, although he never held office; and in the Spanish-American War he served as a captain with the California forces.

Besides being a leading figure in the legal and financial worlds, Mr. Heller was a patron of the arts, especially of music, and was one of the organizers and directors of the San Francisco Musical Association and one of the leading spirits in the San Francisco opera.

A real love for his fellow men prompted him to give generously from his large fortune for many philanthropic purposes.

He was a thirty-second degree Mason and a Shriner, and a member of the Argonaut, Beresford, Concordia, and Olympic Clubs.

Mr. Heller is survived by his widow, Clara Hellman Heller; one son, Edward H. Heller; and two sisters, Mrs. Eva Kohn of San Francisco and Mrs. Carrie Fleishman of Paris.

John L. Hitchcock

John L. Hitchcock, whose death occurred on January 5 of the present year, was a native of San Francisco. His father, George B. Hitchcock, was a pioneer of California, having arrived in San Francisco, August 24, 1849, where he immediately became engaged in the occupation of selling books under the firm name of Marvin and Hitchcock, and later as George B. Hitchcock & Co., dealing principally in stationery.

Mr. Hitchcock was born March 21, 1865, and received his education in the public schools, being a graduate of the old Washington Grammar School. He came into being endowed with all of the instincts and obsessions of the natural collector, and these traits remained until the end of his life. As a boy, he naturally had collected postage stamps of which he had at one time a fine collection within certain lines. To this was added coin-collecting and the study especially of the privately minted gold coins of the early days of California. Some remarkably fine and rare specimens went through his hands.

About fifteen years ago a dormant interest in Californiana was strongly awakened. In their bookselling career Marvin and Hitchcock had also printed and published a few small works. Always a creature of association, Mr. Hitchcock about 1910 commenced to gather together so many as could be found of these early imprints. In this research he saw so many other features of interest that he began systematically to collect Californiana. The collection that he ultimately formed was

numerically not large, comprehending in books and pamphlets about 750 items. But the consistent purpose and the exacting tastes of the collector were most evident, and of its kind that small Hitchcock Collection of Californiana was one of the most valuable in contents and desirable features of any that have yet been gathered. Constrained by protracted ill-health and personal affairs he disposed of it a few months before his decease.

His activities and affiliations were many, and he had a lifelong fondness for athletic and outdoor pursuits. He had been a member of the Olympic Club for more than thirty years, and at some time he had held long memberships in the American Numismatic Society of New York and the Pacific Philatelic Society of San Francisco. His last affiliations were with the Society of California Pioneers and the California Historical Society.

For many years he had been employed in the White House of San Francisco, from which he was retired in 1924. He was courteous, agreeable and affable, consistent and thorough, and for many years he was one of the best-known figures in the city he so well knew and loved.

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN.

EDWARD WHITING HOPKINS

On January 19th, Mr. Edward Whiting Hopkins passed away at his home on California Street in this city. He was the nephew of Mark Hopkins, one of the founders of the Central Pacific Railroad, and succeeded his uncle as treasurer of the company. Later he was president of the Union Ice Company. He was one of the organizers and a vice-president of the Mission Savings Bank, also an organizer of the Mission Bank and of the Mercantile Trust Company, in both of which he served as director. He was a director in the Bank of California at the time of his death.

Mr. Hopkins was born in St. Clair, Michigan, in 1848. He was of the best New England ancestry, descending from pre-Revolutionary clergymen of distinction on both his father's and his mother's side, and also tracing his line to Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower Pilgrims. He came to California in 1870, living for a few years in Sacramento and after the death of his uncle moving to San Francisco. He will be greatly missed in this city. His benefactions, though unostentatiously bestowed, were many and generous. He belonged to the principal clubs of the city: the Pacific Union, the Bohemian and Olympic, as well as the San Jose and Menlo Country Clubs. The California Historical Society counted him among its members.

His widow, Mrs. Helen Thompson Hopkins, a native of New York, survives him, also three daughters, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Stewart S. Lowery and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin, and one son, Mr. Samuel Hopkins.

HELEN THROOP PURDY.

CLARENCE MARK SMITH

Clarence M. Smith, who died in San Francisco on February 19, 1925, was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in August 1854. After his education in the public schools, and in the State Normal School, he taught for a time and then entered the insurance business.

In 1886 he came to San Francisco as General Agent for California of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Milwaukee—a position he held until his death February 19, 1925. He was also interested in banking having been President of several banks in the interior of the State, and a director of the American National Bank of San Francisco. He was a member of the Bohemian Club, and of a number of civic organizations — being greatly interested in the public life of the city.

He is survived by his widow and one daughter—Mrs. E. J. Thomas of Palo Alto.

ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH.